

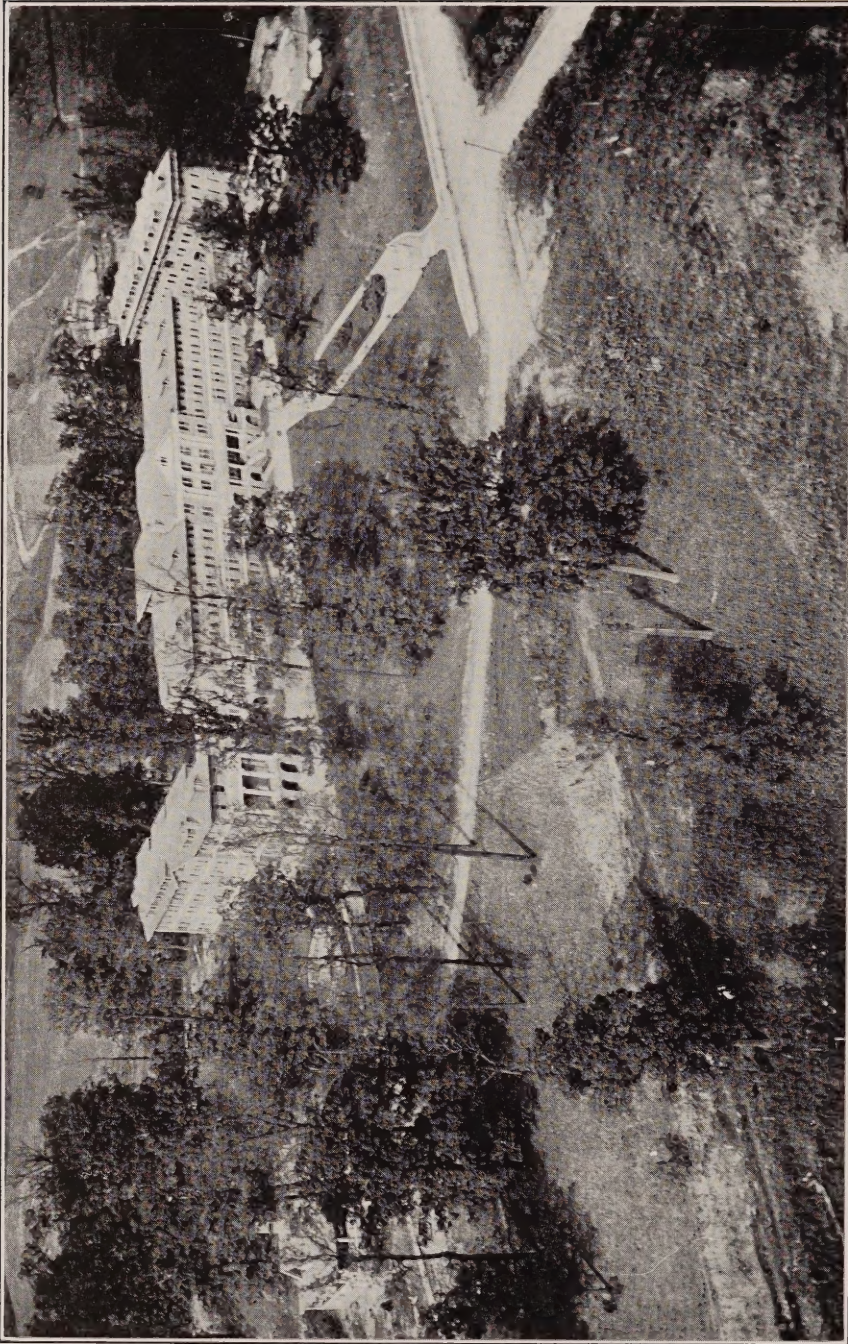




With best and
fondest memories
Virginia. Sail
Remember the Greek dance?

May Catharine Roberts
Sullins College.

(1523 N. Broadway
Enid, Okla.)



AERO VIEW OF SULLINS

THE 1921

CRYSTAL BALL

1921

THE CRYSTAL BALL
IS A YEAR BOOK OF
SULLINS COLLEGE
PUBLISHED BY A STAFF OF
OFFICERS ELECTED FROM
THE SENIOR CLASS~

M. Reynolds—

CRYSTAL-BALL



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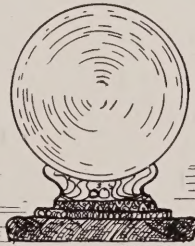
- I. Administration**
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M. Reynolds

Prologue

'Tis the Crystal Ball into which we gaze,
To forget the trials of to-day,
To revert to the days of mystic haze,
And call our thoughts away
From duties of the present day,
To the land of the magic crystal's sway.

Our memories, shrouded in a filmy maze—
The glories of the past—
Bring back to us those Sullins days,
Through the spell of the Spirits' glass;
And help us remember those happy days,
As into the Crystal Ball we gaze.



M. Reynolds

THE 1921 CRYSTAL BALL



MRS. MARTIN

Dedication

To Mrs. Martin,
In appreciation of
her untiring interest in our welfare,
we, the members of the Senior Class
of nineteen hundred and twenty-one,
affectionately dedicate this volume of
The Crystal Ball



Alma Mater

It's a mighty good school, so it is, dear friend,
When even the worst is said.
We rise by bells and we eat by bells,
And a bell sends us to bed.
There's a feast and a fast,
A joy, then a class,
And chapel each morning does call;
But still I declare,
Foul weather or fair,
It's a mighty good school after all.

It's a mighty good school, so it is, dear friend,
When even the worst we hear,
And we've learned to know
Why we love it so—
And for Sullins let's all give a cheer!
There's no place like home, but wherever we roam
We'll hear Alma Mater's call;
So crown her as best,
She'll sure stand the test,
She's a mighty good school after all!

—Elizabeth Smedes.

REYNOLDS



Reynolds

Sullins to Her Seniors of 1921



ANUS the old Roman god of gates and beginnings, entrances and undertakings, was always represented with two faces, one looking backward and the other looking forward. ¶There are times in our lives when it behooves us to pause and consider the achievements of the past, as related to the future. You have done your duty to the best of your ability—marks, praise, distinction have come. This has opened new worlds to you and quickened and intensified your love of beauty. Contact with students differing in temperament, training, and point of view, has lessened prejudice, taught tolerance, and helped you to appreciate excellence in unusual forms.

One of the greatest benefits of your education is that it has taught you to do the things you had to do, whether you felt like it or not—a spirit that will nerve you to many a difficult task in the days to come, making your life happier and more wholesome. The necessity of often acting on your own responsibility will be a valuable education in self reliance. You have been made to realize education is not a thing apart from religion, that your daily influence alone calls for the putting forth of your best efforts.

In most pictures of the glorified Christ there is a halo of light encircling and illuminating His face. That is a fictitious glory, the glory of possession. In one of the noblest of such paintings the light streams from the Master's face to illuminate the other figures of the scene. That is the real glory, the glory of transmission. As you turn your face to the future may you realize that the glory which Jesus claimed for himself was not a glory of possession, but a glory of transmission, not the capacity to receive but the capacity to give.

The noblest possibilities of intellect and heart, of culture and influence are yours. The highest hopes and holiest ambitions of your Alma Mater centre in you. You go forth in the most eventful moment in the life of the world—a time of upheaval and readjustment, in an age and a country in which life is richer than ever before. Never were opportunities so generous, never prizes so brilliant, never perils more tempting and insidious.

Michael Angelo once entered Raphael's studio, and seeing a painting of which the figures and scenes were as yet contracted he wrote beneath the single word, "Amplius." That one word marked a turning point in the painter's career. Thenceforth projecting his work on a larger, broader scale success and immortality awaited him.

May you find in service an abiding joy, taking as your watchword:

"How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rest unburnished, not to shine in use."

"We all want to be settled in life, don't we, girls?" said Frances Willard on one occasion. "Some of us meet the man who settles it for us, and some of us don't; but whatever settling we have, let us settle up, but let us never settle down! Let us owe the world nothing of love or service or aught else that is in our power to bestow."

With the blessings of your Alma Mater upon your heads may you each and all fulfil her tender prayers for your happy, honorable, useful destiny.

Faculty Poem

What would Sullins be without its faculty?
Without Dr. Martin's speeches, without Mrs. Martin's talks?
Without Mr. Carroll's lectures, without Miss Haile's walks?
Without Mr. Martin's music fit to set before a king?
Miss Macrae and Madame Colard make us happy where they sing—
Without Miss Zachery's Expression, and Miss Dozier's dancing class?
Without Miss Hamilton's corn muffins and her apple sass?
Without Miss Hartman's painting and without Miss Price's, too?
Without all these great people, what would Sullins do?

Without Miss Blackwell's Latin, and Miss McGavock's Math?
Without Miss Cowan's History and Miss Bates' French class?
Without Miss Mattingly's old English and Miss Baldwin's Chemistry?
I ask you, one and all, just what would Sullins do?

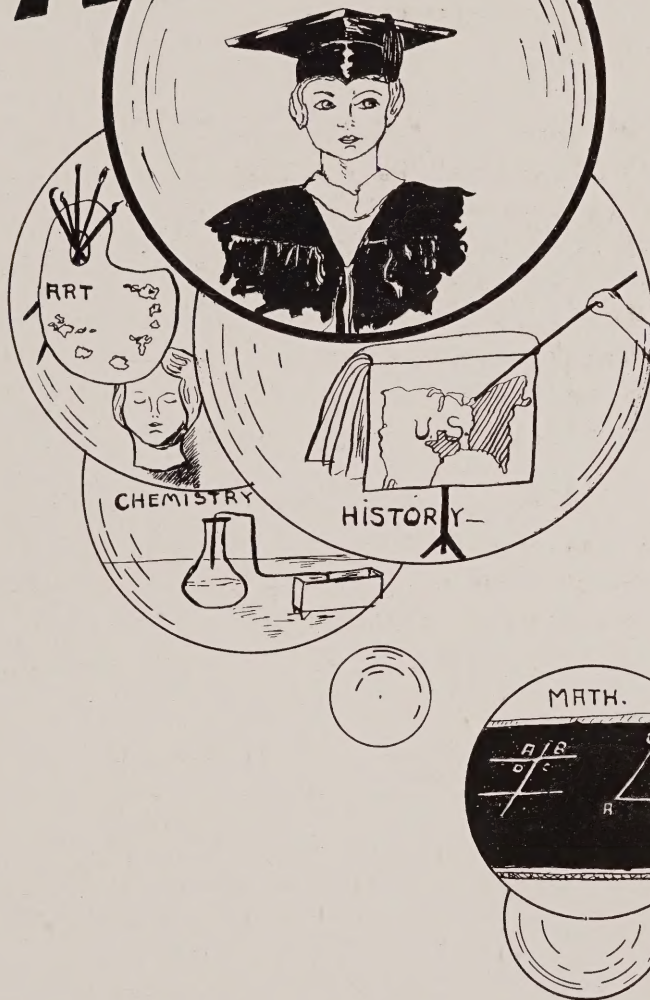
—Charline Edwards.

THE 1921

CRYSTAL BALL

FACULTY

M. Reynolds



THE 1921 CRYSTAL BALL



OLIVE TIMBERLAKE, *Y. W. C. A. Hostess*

"Yes, I am going to serve this afternoon, salad, hot chocolate, and ——"



PEARL BALDWIN, *Preparatory Courses*

Graduate Oeonta State Normal; New York State College.

"Girls, you must have your work in on time."



BRENDA MACRAE, *Voice*

Canadian Conservatories. Six years study in New York and two in Germany; wide experience as Concert and Oratorio singer in the United States, Canada, England, and European cities.

"I want a full rehearsal today, girls."



CAROLINE MATTINGLY, *English*

A. B. Franklin College; Graduate Work, Colorado State University; A. M. Columbia University.

"Don't let that worry you."

THE 1921 CRYSTAL BALL

EVA LAWRENCE, *Music Preceptress*

"You cut practice yesterday."

ELIZABETH BAKER, *Assistant Piano*

Graduate in Piano with Carl Fallberg;
Graduate work with Sam Trimmer.

"All right."

RAYMOND P. CARROLL

Psychology, Education, Biology

University of Chattanooga; B. A. Emory
and Henry; Virginia Polytechnic Institute;
University of Virginia; Toulouse University;
M. A. Columbia University.

"I'll have to put a dot after Miss——'s
name, as she was talking."

ANNA M. MAHAFFEY, *Commerical Course*

"Put the covers on the typewriters when you
have finished."



ROSELLA HARTMAN, *Art*

Graduate Art Institute of Chicago; two years with the Art Students League of New York.

"That is slightly out of proportion."

SAMUEL TRIMMER, *Piano*

Graduate, Centenary Collegiate Institute; New England Conservatory; Metropolitan College of Music; American Institute of Applied Music; Spent four years in Germany under the renowned artist, Mme. Teresa Carreno. Concertized in Europe and America. Two years in World War with Medical Corps and giving entertainments for the benefit of the Red Cross.

"The ladies of the Minstrel will please meet in the 'Chawpel' immediately 'awfta' lunch."

RUTH ZACHERY, *Expression*

Teacher's Diploma, School of Expression, Boston; Post Graduate work School of Expression, Boston; Student with Virginia Bowman Witte (Interpretation); Sheldon Holcomb (Voice); and Theodore B. Miller (Voice); ten months as entertainer with A. E. F.; and Canteen Worker.

"Why weren't you at Dramatic Art last night?"

MME. TOFFT-COLLARD

Mme. Tofft-Collard, the noted Danish Concert singer had her vocal education in Paris by M. Devilliers, and the famous Composer Johan Svender was her instructor of Piano. Had her debut in Copenhagen, 1905, and her debut concert in New York, 1918.

"I will sing for you a little old fashioned song."

THE 1921 CRYSTAL BALL

CELINE MADELINE GONARD, *French*

B. A. New York State College.

"I'm going out riding."

ERMA L. BALDWIN, *Science*

B. S. New York State College.

"Be sure you know what you are putting together."

MARTHA P. MCGAVOCK, *Mathematics*

B. A. Randolph-Macon Woman's College;
Ph. B.; M. A. University of Chicago; Columbia University.

"You haven't handed in your credits at the office yet."

CLARITA SCOTT, *Assistant Librarian*

Library work at L. A. High School and Jefferson High School in Los Angeles.

"That book is on the reserve shelf."



THE 1921 CRYSTAL BALL

WILLIAM E. MARTIN, *President*

M. A. Southern University; Ph. D. Johns Hopkins University.

"Everybody right quiet now."

MRS. WILLIAM E. MARTIN, *Principal Home Department*

B. A. Vanderbilt University.

"Yes, that will be all right."

EDITH S. BLACKWELL, *Latin and Spanish*

B. A. Randolph-Macon Woman's College.

"Spanish class will meet after lunch."

FLORENCE BATES, *French, Spanish*

B. A. Winthrop College; Guilde Internationale; Sorbonne University;
University of Michigan; Columbia University.

"I'll have to send you to study hall this month."

MARIAN HAMILTON, *Domestic Science*

Smith College; B. S. Teacher's College, Columbia University; A. M. Teacher's
College, Columbia University; Cornell University.

"Don't do that, please."

MARY GORDY, *Domestic Art*

Western College; Columbia University.

"You will have to rip that."

MARY GISH, *History, Sociology*

A. B. Randolph-Macon Woman's College; A. M. Columbia University.

"I wish to see you after class."

HELEN COWAN, *History, Journalism*

B. A. Toronto; M. A. Columbia University.

"Your article is too wordy."

CARRIE SUTHERLIN, *English*

B. A. Peabody College; Columbia University.

"Good morning, girls."

LUCY A. HOBSON, *Preparatory Courses*

Graduate Montgomery College; University of Tennessee.

"Well now, in Bristol——."

HERBERT J. JENNY, F. A. G. O., *Piano and Organ*

New England Conservatory of Music; Fellow of the American Guild of Organists, 1916.

"....."

JOSEF MARTIN, *Piano*

Josef Martin began study at five years of age in London, England, and later in Boston. At the age of fourteen he made a concert tour, after which he went to Berlin. He was making a concert tour giving recitals in London, Paris, and other prominent cities, at the outbreak of the war. He has given several New York recitals, made two trans-continental tours, and made records for the Aeolian Company.

"Has the lunch bell rung?"

CATHERINE BELL, *Piano*

With Jedliezko in Berlin, and Frau Dr. Bill and Leschetijky in Vienna.

"You haven't practiced enough this week."

MARY LOUISE STANLEY, *Violin and Orchestral Instruments*

Graduate Music Department Yale University; two years study with Violin Masters of Europe.

"I am going walking with a member of the Faculty."

THE 1921 CRYSTAL BAIL

HELEN PRICE, *Art*

B. S. Columbia University; Lake Erie College.

"That is very good."

ELEANOR PERRY, *Expression*

Curry School of Expression

VIRGINIA HAILE, *Physical Education, Athletics, Swimming*

Sargent School of Physical Education; Columbia University.

"Deed, I won't excuse you."

EDITH DOZIER, *Dancing*

Chalif Normal School.

"The dancing classes will not meet to-day."

ANNIE ESTELLE JOHNSTON, *Librarian*

L. A. Westbrook Woman's College.

"Did you look for it?"

MRS. ELLEN B. STONE, *Chaperone*

"I'll ask Mrs. Martin."

MRS. SALLIE GRIZZARD, *Chaperone*

"No, I wouldn't do that."

MRS. ELMA H. MOORE, *Hostess and Representative*

"That will be lovely."

MRS. JOHN ANDREWS, *Home Department*

"You may get your package after dinner."

THE 1921 CRYSTAL BALL

MRS. WYLY, *Home Department*

"You left your light on during breakfast."

MISS IRENE MARTIN, *Home Department*

"You have overdrawn your account."

BERTHA M. KUHN, R. N., *Nurse*

Graduate Nurse, University of Maryland.

"Oh, she is all right."

CLAIRE MARTIN, *Secretary*

Graduate, Sullins College.

"Book room won't be open till eleven o'clock."

HARRY H. MARTIN, *Treasurer*

"You look so 'tweet'."

MRS. PORTER, *Bookkeeper*

"Yes, the reports have been sent out."

MRS. SHARPE, *Dietician*

"Don't complain of the food, girls; you should be thankful you have any."

THE 1921 CRYSTAL BALL



W. E. MARTIN, PH. D.

KULTUR RÖM

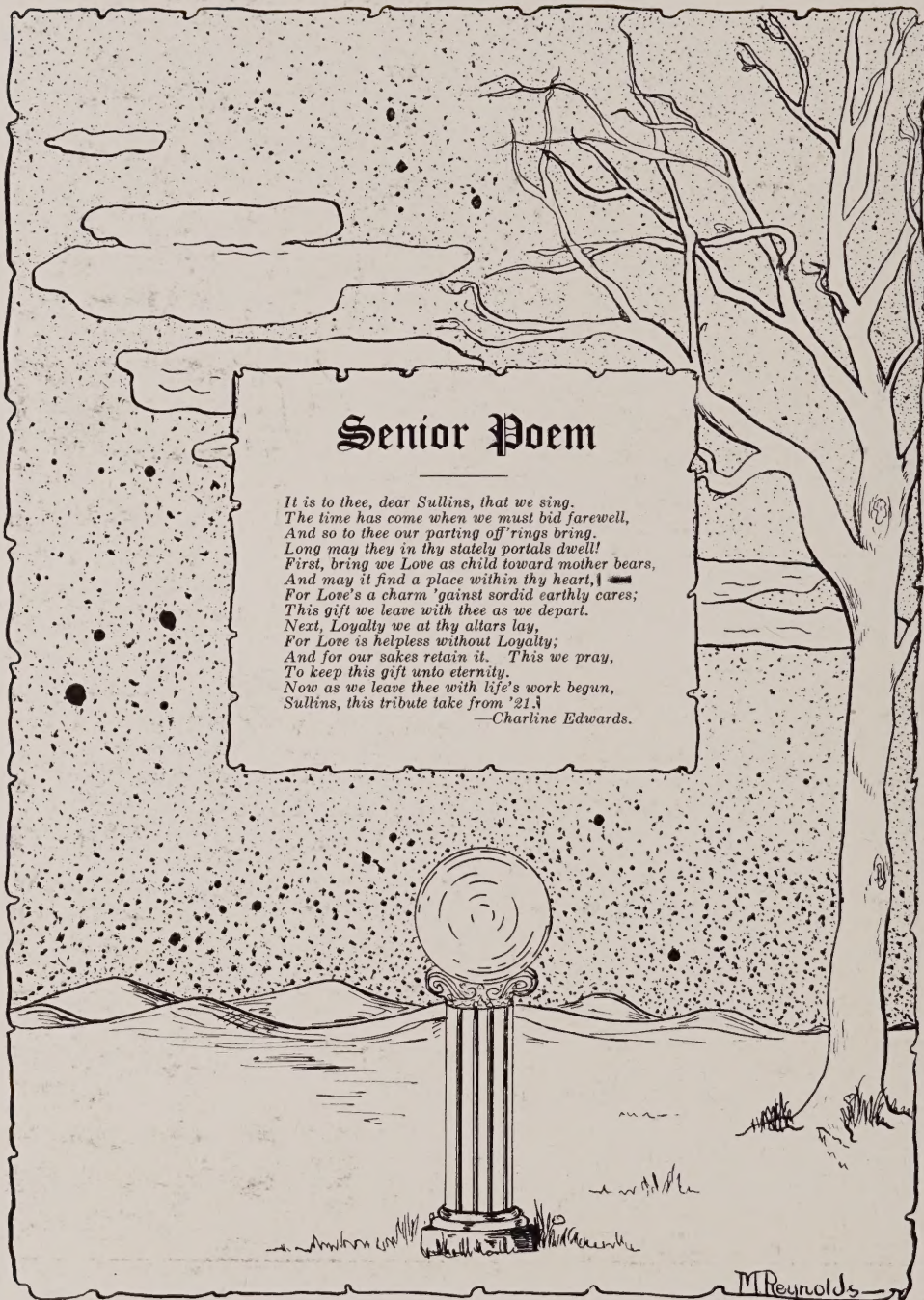




SENIORS - M. Reynold

Senior Poem

*It is to thee, dear Sullins, that we sing,
The time has come when we must bid farewell,
And so to thee our parting off' rings bring.
Long may they in thy stately portals dwell!
First, bring we Love as child toward mother bears,
And may it find a place within thy heart,
For Love's a charm 'gainst sordid earthly cares;
This gift we leave with thee as we depart.
Next, Loyalty we at thy altars lay,
For Love is helpless without Loyalty;
And for our sakes retain it. This we pray,
To keep this gift unto eternity.
Now as we leave thee with life's work begun,
Sullins, this tribute take from '21.
—Charline Edwards.*



THE · 1921 CRYSTAL BALL



MISS MATTINGLY, SPONSOR



ANNA ATCHLEY

"ANNE"

"Sure 'nuff?"

General Diploma

Tennessee Club

Anne has the reputation of being the biggest talker in the class; that is some distinction to have in a group of forty girls. Anne is good-natured and is always ready to do a good deed for some poor soul in distress.

LUCILE ATHERTON

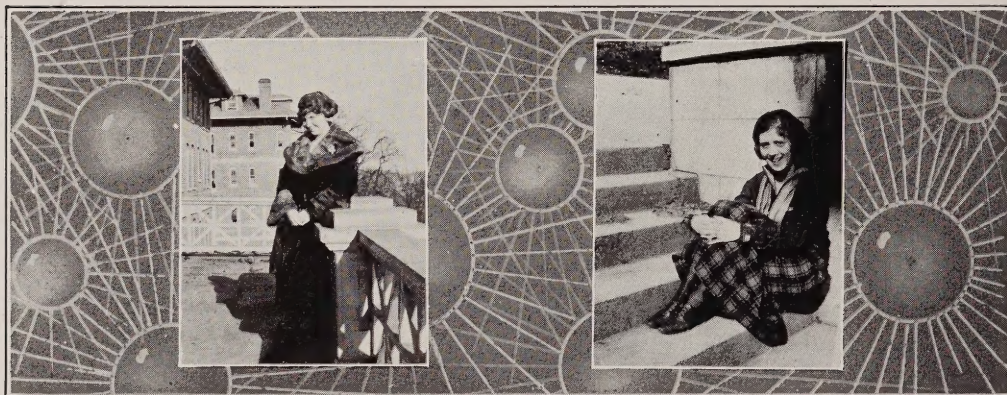
"LUCE"

"I'm a wreck."

General Diploma

Indiana-Illinois Club
Emma Willard Society
Editor, The Crystal Ball

Lucile spells "capability" to everyone. The way in which she managed the Annual clearly shows the determination and enthusiasm with which she puts a thing through. With all this she has that loveliness of disposition and manner which has endeared her to all.





FRANCES BABCOCK

"BAB"

"I'm so thrilled and thrilled."

General Diploma

Glee Club.

Emma Willard Society.

Indiana-Illinois Club.

Frances is our much travelled Senior and is indeed very interesting to talk with. Almost every Saturday night she may be seen entertaining two or three men. We wonder how she gets so many—telling of her travels—or——?

EMILY BARFIELD

"EM"

"You've got my hircine."

General Diploma

Georgia Club.

Some of the girls were worried about Emily the first of the year because she stared into space so much, but "murder will out"—she is deeply in love. However, she "comes out of it," for she surely shines in her classes.



THE 1921 CRYSTAL BALL



LORA MAY BAXLEY
"MAY"
"Who shall I love today?"

Diploma in Expression

Arkansas Club.
Dramatic Art Club.
Choral Club.
Emma Willard Society.

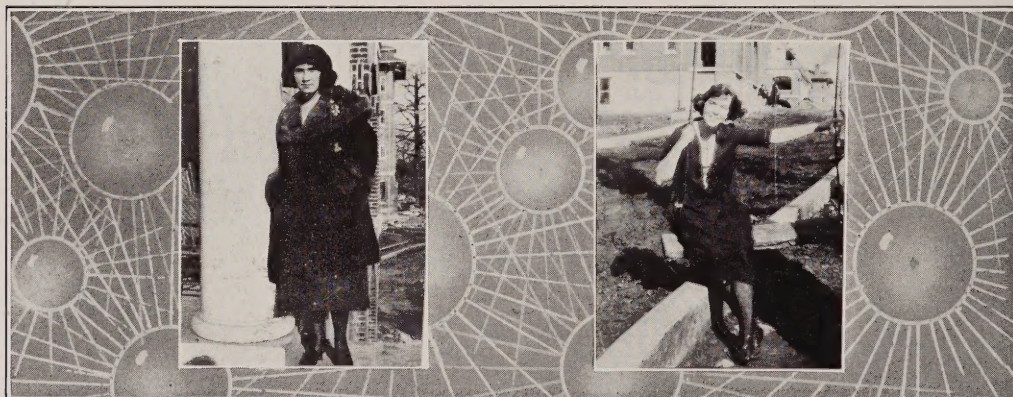
When Lora May puts the mail up, we are sure to get it soon. We believe she has devised a way whereby she calls the roll and every letter falls into its own box. She also excels in punching the typewriter, in expression, and, incidentally—vamping.

JULIA BOWERS
"JUDY"

General Diploma

Alabama Club.
Glee Club.

We can hardly believe Julia when she says, "it is all play and no work," else how could she make such good grades? However, strong minds sometimes succumb to fads—bobbed hair, for example—but it is becoming!



*I love my suite-mate Kat
just gets!
Judy*

THE 1921 CRYSTAL BALL



BESS COLLINS

"BILLIE"

"Honey, I thought I'd die."

General Diploma

Glee Club.
Emma Willard Society.
Texas Club.
Class Prophet.

Being a good sport, clever and original—Bess is very popular with both men and girls. She sticks to one through thick and thin, and is a girl whose friendship is well worth cultivating.

CAROLYN CALDWELL

Classical Diploma

Texas Club.
Writer of Class Will.
Valedictorian.

She is just as smart as you get 'em, and is one of the few who have worked for a Classical Diploma. Carolyn is true gold and always ready to act well her part.



THE 1921 CRYSTAL BALL



NINA CORBETT

Piano Diploma

Indiana-Illinois Club.

"Music hath charms," especially when it's Nina at the organ. She is a girl who enters into things earnestly. She is very quiet and composed and is never known to lose her head. "To know her is to love her."

ELIZABETH DAVIS

"Liz"

General Diploma

Alabama Club.

Elizabeth is a girl of that happy-go-lucky type hailing from Alabama, and accordingly, she is a sure cure for the blues. Her specialties are dressmaking and millinery. She has a great many ideas and the determination to carry them out.





DEWENE FLYNT

General Diploma
Expression Diploma

Dramatic Art Club.
Texas Club.
Emma Willard Society.

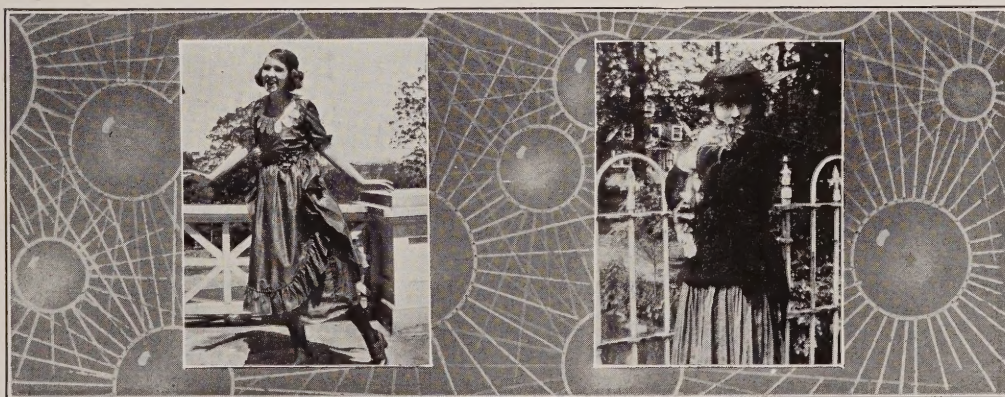
As Dewene is so quiet and dignified, one would never think of her as being from Texas. Can't you just hear her say in her quiet way, "Have you seen Joe?" She plays the piano, she dances, she reads—could one wish to be more accomplished?

CHARLINE EDWARDS

Classical Diploma

Odds and Ends Club.
Class Poet.

After dinner if you happen to go to Charline's room you nearly always find a crowd of girls having their fortunes told. Her wonderful dancing ability is known all over school, too. She is one of the cleverest in the class and we are very proud of her.



THE 1921 CRYSTAL BALL



GERALDINE FLESHMAN

"JERRY"

"Oh, I'm so thrilled."

General Diploma
Music Certificate

North Carolina Club.
President, Emma Willard Society.

Jerry is noted all over Bristol for her policy of "blow a whistle every ten minutes and let's all change men," which she originated before the first Senior party. Jerry is popular with the Bristol people and "steps out" often.

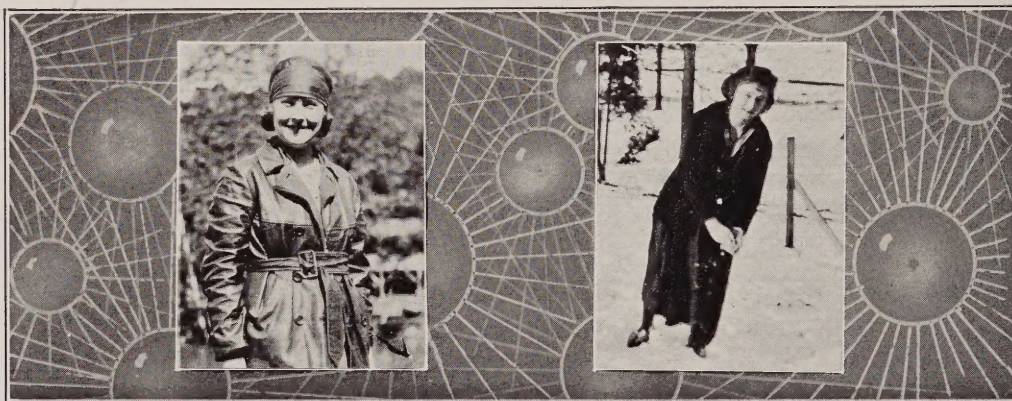
JOSEPHINE GODLEY

"JOE"

General Diploma

President, Senior Class.
Secretary, Emma Willard Society.
Asst. Editor, The Crystal Ball.
Vice-Pres., Student Council '19-'20.
Vice-Pres., Y. W. C. A. '19-20.
Secretary, Student Council '18-19.
Georgia Club.

There couldn't be a girl who has done more for her class or school than Joe. She is always ready to do what is asked of her and does it well. Being sweet and lovable, Joe is liked by everyone—what more could one ask?



THE 1921 CRYSTAL BALL



LOUISE GREEN

General Diploma

Glee Club.
Tennessee Club.

*Her motto: "The friends thou hast and
their adoption tried, grapple them to thy
soul with hoops of steel."*

MARGARET HAIGLER

"Lemme tell you somethin'."

General Diploma

Alabama Club.
Asst. Bus. Mgr., The Crystal Ball.

*From the manner in which Margaret
has handled the financial side of the
Annual, we expect her to be the president
of a bank some day. Margaret shows
her enthusiasm in her speech; but we
fear disastrous results if she doesn't
learn to slow up on the curves.*



THE 1921 CRYSTAL BALL



LAURA HARTLEY
"Isn't it precious?"

General Diploma

Odds and Ends Club.

Laura is one of our most loyal supporters of Sullins. She is very much interested in Physical Education and Playground Supervision, and expects to take up this line of work next winter. To Laura we assign the task of "Gymnasticizing" the world.

ELIZABETH HOSHALL
"DUDE"

General Diploma

Arkansas Club.
Emma Willard Society.

As Dude is so fond of strolling in Cupid's paths, we are glad that little god has misdirected his arrows heretofore. But now at graduation time we are safe in wishing her the best of luck in future dealings with the afore-mentioned god in regard to Frank.



THE 1921 CRYSTAL BALL



OPAL HENDRIX

"UNCLE OPE"
"Dadburnit"

Home Economics Diploma

Kentucky Club.
Euzethian Society.
Literary Editor, The Scrap Book.

'Most any time one may see Opal hurrying down the hall with her funny little walk. She is one of the busiest and sweetest in the class. Being a star performer in the Domestic Science department, she will make some man a dandy wife.

ELIZABETH HICKS

"LIB"
"Isn't this tacky?"

General Diploma

Tennessee Club.
Choral Club.

Lib's motto is, "don't worry, things will happen anyway." Rather a cheerful view of life, isn't it? We think she must worry just a little occasionally about her lessons or she couldn't make the Honor Roll.



THE · 1921 CRYSTAL BALL



MARGARET HUNTER

"PEG"

"I'm so mad I could spit."

General Diploma

Odds and Ends Club.
Emma Willard Society.
Treasurer, Senior Class.

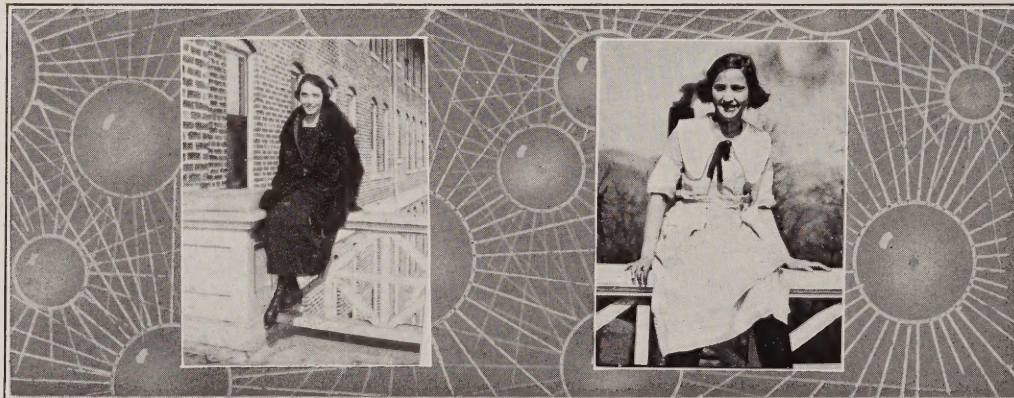
Peg is our best example of a dignified Senior. She has done a great deal of sewing and is learning to cook, which looks as if she is taking Jim seriously, as well as her studies.

DELLE JORDAN

General Diploma
Expression Diploma

Texas Club.
Business Manager, The Crystal Ball.

Delle is always the first to yell "sure" when some prank is suggested. However, she can be serious when occasion demands. Being very apt in the art of arguing, especially with the faculty, she has done much to uphold the reputation of "third floor, Main."



THE 1921 CRYSTAL BALL



WILMA KAIL

"PHIL"

"Oh Janie, do you still love me?"

General Diploma

Odds and Ends Club.

Retiring and modest in the formation of her friendships, Phil is loyal and devoted to the end of the chapter.

MAY BELLE KULLER

General Diploma

Texas Club.

May Belle has well remembered that "children should be seen, not heard." However, when called upon she's right there "with the goods."



THE 1921 CRYSTAL BALL



MARY LOCKETT

General Diploma

Tennessee Club.
Senior Team.
Athletic Editor, The Crystal Ball.

Although Mary is a day pupil, she takes an unusual amount of interest in Sullins, being a true personification of "pep" and "athletics." Mary is a good sport, and has a keen appreciation of wit; her favorite pastime being the playing of practical jokes.

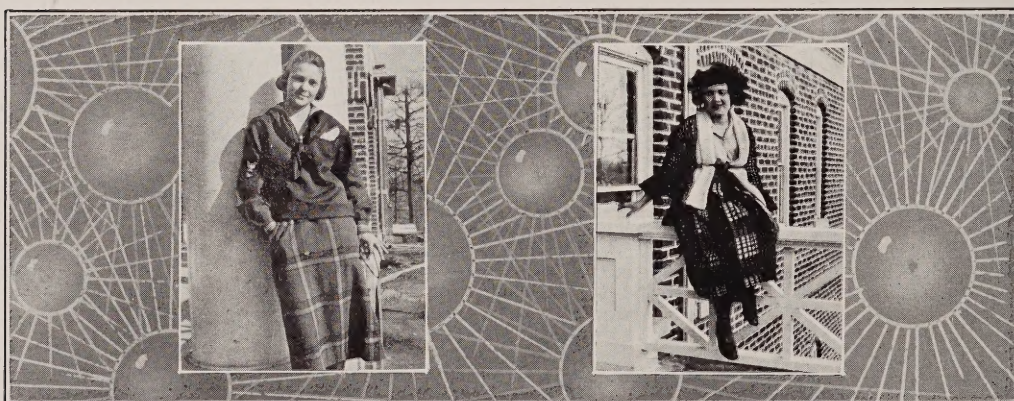
MARGARET BASSETT

"PEG"

General Diploma

Texas Club.
Emma Willard Society.
Senior Basket-ball Team.

Peg is one of our undignified Seniors—bobbed hair did it. She is "mighty sweet" and does good work. She hails from the Lone Star State and has the usual Texas pep and enthusiasm.



THE 1921 CRYSTAL BALL



MARILEE LEAR

"When I go down the street."

General Diploma

Glee Club.
Kentucky Club.
Student Council.

Marilee is the song bird of the Senior Class. She has a personality which has endeared her to all and is truly a Kentucky thoroughbred. We often wonder which it will be—a school ma'am, or—we wonder!

MARGARET MORROW

"PEG"

General Diploma

Tennessee Club.
Society Editor, The Crystal Ball.

"Miss Morrow is wanted at the piano." Her chief features: a charming personality, sweet disposition, musical talent and executive ability. Moody? Well, yes, but that only makes her more interesting.





IRMA MILLER

"IRM"

"Well, goodness"

General Diploma

Indiana-Illinois Club.
Emma Willard Society.
Editor, Scrap Book.
Dramatic Art Club.

Irma is one of the many Seniors who make the Honor Roll. She has well proved her worth by carrying the Scrap Book through such a successful year. She meets all problems squarely—in fact, obstacles are stepping stones to her.

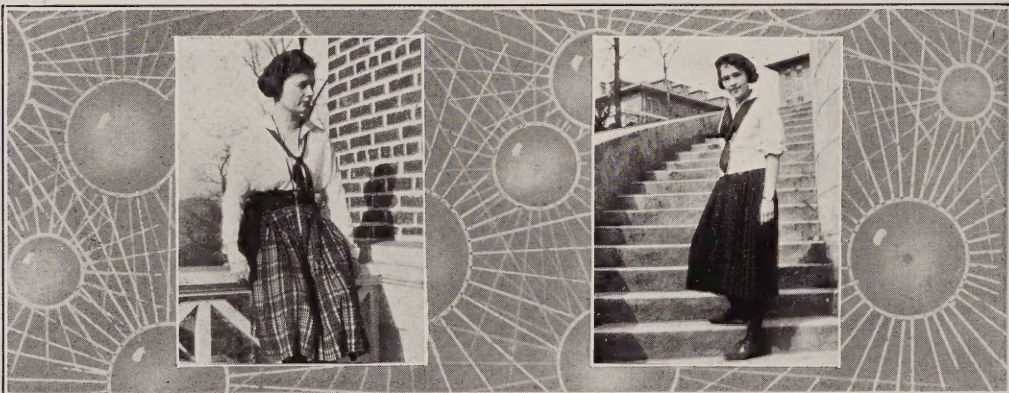
JUANITA MOORE

"NITA"

General Diploma

Georgia Club.

We always think of Juanita as being one of the "sharks" of the class. When it comes to answering Miss Gish's questions in history, or reading Modern Drama, she is always "there with the goods." She is a good booster for Sullins and always lends a hand.



THE 1921 CRYSTAL BALL



OLIVE OLMSTEAD
"OLLIE"

General Diploma

Florida Club.
Captain, Senior Team.
Joke Editor, The Crystal Ball.

Our only Senior from Florida, Olive carries well the burden of representing her state. Sincere and lovable—if you don't believe it ask "Stell."

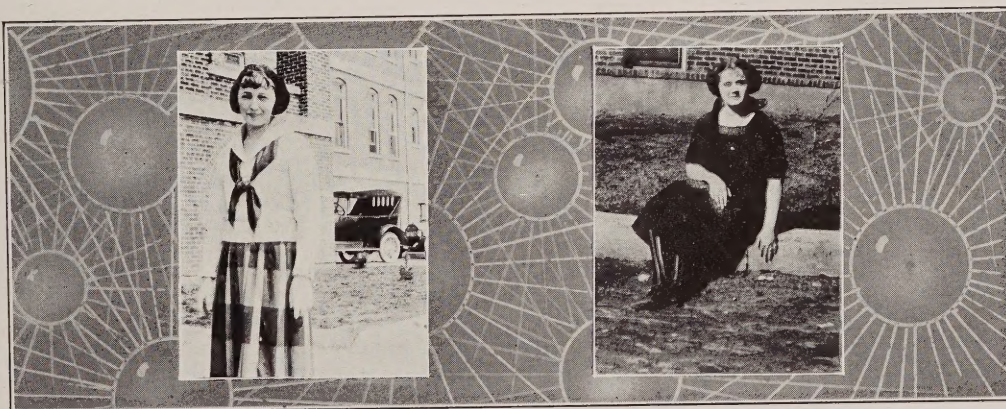
MARGARET OWENS

"I crave the plains."

Expression Diploma

Texas Club.
Dramatic Club.
Emma Willard Society.

Margaret's two ideals seem to be Roy and Expression. The postman rarely fails to bring "the" letter. She has been a devout supporter of all anti-fat campaigns, but is about to give up, and lead the organization whose motto is, "It is more noble to be fat than to be lean."





HELEN POST

General Diploma

Euzethian Society.
Odds and Ends Club.
Glee Club.

Helen's characteristics are not revealed upon first acquaintance. Once known, however, that bubbling wit, enviable class standing and charming voice cannot be forgotten. We expect big things from you, Helen.

MILDRED PUCKETT

"PUCK"

Classical Diploma

President, Student Council.
Texas Club.
Treasurer, Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.

Here's to Puckett, our Student Council President! She performs her duties with consideration and fairness, and is always patient, even when there are dozens of girls all asking at once, "Please take off my demerits, because—" it is only to be expected that she would be the "most popular girl in Sullins."





ELEANOR MAE PURVIS

General Diploma

Glee Club.
Odds and Ends Club.
Emma Willard Society.

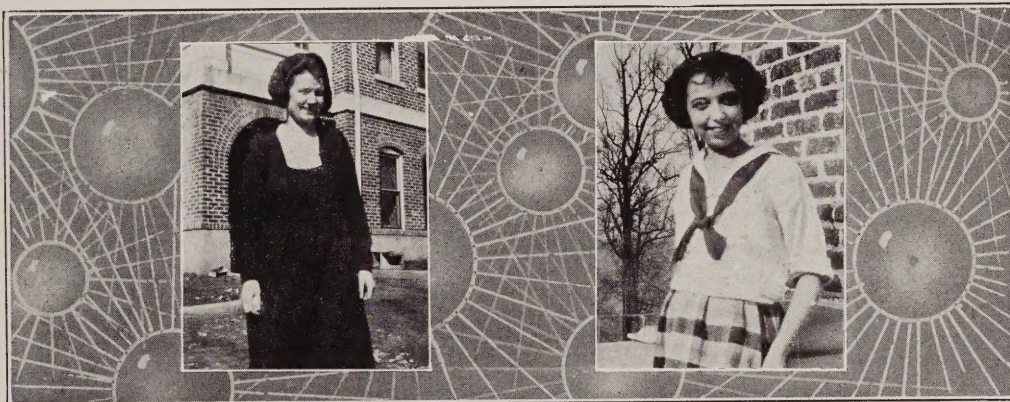
Quietness and simplicity are hers. Eleanor has the reputation of being the only Senior with auburn hair and we are depending on her shining locks to lead us to Success.

LUCILE RICHARDS

General Diploma

Euzethian Society.
Indiana-Illinois Club.
Class Historian.
Salutatorian.

Lucile still retains two characteristics which are rare in the Senior Class—dignity and long hair. She is a most conscientious student as well as an ardent supporter of all good times.



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MAYBELLE REYNOLDS

Art Diploma

Glee Club.
Emma Willard Society.
Secretary, Student Council.
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.
Art Editor, The Crystal Ball.

Her generous spirit has made her prominent in all school activities. Gifted in her Art and always ready to use it for the "public good," Maybelle can not be forgotten by readers of the Crystal Ball.

CORINNE SHUETTE

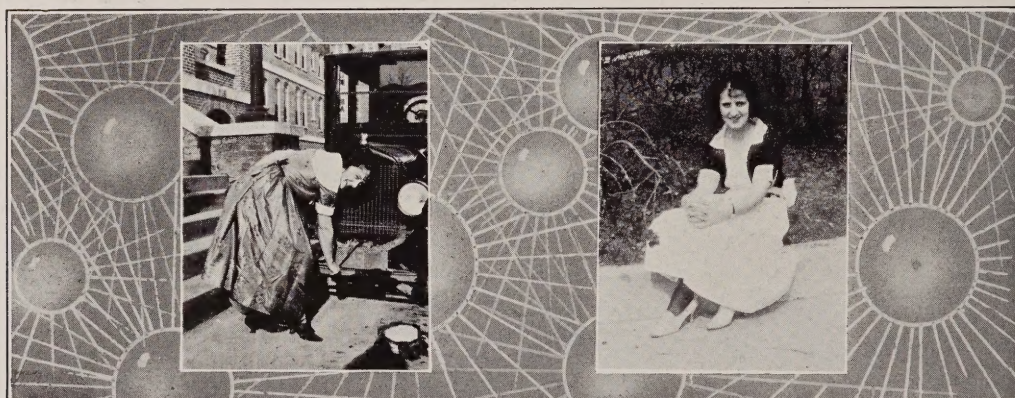
"SHUT"

"You know."

General Diploma

Virginia-West Virginia Club.

As a member of the Shuette-Moore partnership, Corinne owns a good half. This organization seems to find an unusually bright side to class room topics. However this does not seem to affect her grades, as she is another Senior whose name appears on the Honor Roll.





MARTHA SKIRVIN
"MART"

General Diploma
Domestic Science Certificate

Glee Club.
Kentucky Club.

Martha is a member of the committee in charge of the project to dispense with the epithet "dignified Senior," and with her bobbed hair she certainly makes a splendid advertisement for the cause.

RENE LEE STENNIS
"RENIE"

"I'll never be the same."

General Diploma
Certificate in Piano

Texas Club.
Emma Willard Society.
Society Editor, Scrap Book.

Renee Lee is one of the peppiest and most attractive in the class of '21. Vamping seems to be her favorite outdoor sport. Seldom is Renie without a date; her main difficulty is to accommodate all of them.





LAURA GASTON WHITE

General Diploma

Texas Club.
Emma Willard Society.

The constancy of her good humor has won the affection of all. A typical conscientious student the Seniors depend on her to bring our class to fame.

MARY JANE WRIGHT
"JERRY"

General Diploma

Indiana-Illinois Club.
Emma Willard Society.
Exchange Editor, Scrap Book.

Mary Jane is known for her unselfish interest in the welfare of others. Her calm dignity has been a constant restraint upon the young and boisterous class of '21.



Senior Class History



It was September 28, 1919. ¶ Girls, girls everywhere—from the North, East, South and West—we came. After passing safely through the ordeal of classification we found that there were fifty-six Juniors. Soon we had a class meeting and organized, electing Fred Fleming as our president, and Edith Rae Williams as secretary and treasurer.

It is a sad but true fact that we were not athletically inclined. However, Edith Rae Williams was star player on the Varsity team, and thereby upheld the standards of the class in that respect.

Our social affairs were numerous and pleasant, perhaps the most noteworthy being the Junior-Senior banquet. Many of the Juniors took leading parts in the plays of the season, among whom were Josephine Godley, Juanita Moore, Fred Fleming, Helen Post, Beatrice Green, Mildred Puckett and Genevieve Douglas. We were proud to claim two of the statistic girls—Fred Fleming and Laura Gaston White; also the vice-president of the student council, Josephine Godley, and secretary, Genevieve Douglas. The Y. W. C. A. cabinet also received its share of the wisdom from brilliant minds in having as its members Fred Fleming, Genevieve Douglas, Josephine Godley and Edith Rae Williams.

And so we went on through our Junior year working and playing and looking forward to Senior days when we, too, would have privileges, for in those days Juniors were not deemed worthy of privileges. May thirty-first found us bidding farewell to faculty and friends, and making many and various promises concerning the ensuing years.

The three brief months of vacation passed by all too soon, and we were back at Sullins ready to take our place as dignified Seniors. A class meeting revealed the fact that only twenty-one of the old Juniors had returned to receive twenty-three new members. Josephine Godley was elected president; Jerry Fleshman, vice-president; Margaret Morrow, secretary, and Margaret Hunter, treasurer.

The class activities were set off with spirit, by the wonderful reception given by Dr. and Mrs. Martin. The added attraction at this affair was the presence of the Bristol gallants.

The whirl of Senior life was not too much, for a number of the members of our class held prominent offices. Mildred Puckett was the popular student-body president; and May Belle Reynolds, secretary of the student council. These two were also members of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet.

It is with genuine regret that we leave our dear old Alma Mater. Our pleasures have been many; our trials, comparatively few. May we always remember the high ideals which have been implanted in our minds while at Sullins!

* * * * *

Goodbye girls, we're through!

—Lucile Richards

Senior Chart

Name	Noted For	Wants to be	Is	Liable to be	Cause of death
ATCHLEY	Meekness	George's	Affectionate	A suffragette	No one to talk with
ATHERTON	Erains	President of the U. S.	A good scout	A soda jerker	Mice
BABCOCK	Amiability	Peppy	Not	Mrs. Turner	Buried alive
BARFIELD	Ear flops	A movie actress	Studious	Anything	Histroy
BASSETT	Primping	Athletic	Loquacious	A police woman	Popularity
BOWERS	Domestic tendencies	A teacher	Friendly	A good wife	Bobbed hair
BAXLEY	Love affairs	A stenographer	A cut-up	An old man's darling	Lack of intelligence
CALDWELL	Intellect	A journalist	Unusual	In the "Follies"	Low grades
COLLINS	Her line	Hostess at W. & L.	A peach	Hostess at V. P. I.	Spinsterhood
CORBETT	Playing the organ	A music teacher	Quiet	Another Beethoven	Vociferation
DAVIS	Superiority	A doctor	Feg's pal	A reporter	Ambition
EDWARDS	Fortune telling	Everything	A good dancer	Famous	Too clever to live
FLESHMAN	Musical talent	A social leader	Interesting	A social worker	Overwork
FLYNT	Attachment to Joe	In Russian ballet	Modest	In vaudeville	Dancing
GODLEY	Capability	A June bride	Sweet	An orator	Nothing to do
GREEN	Unaffectedness	A mentor	Sensible	A poet	Gymnastics
HARTLEY	Interest in Penn. state	A playground supervisor	Engaged	A happily married	Fan on dancing
HAIGLER	Talking	A cotton queen	Reliable	A lawyer	Nothing to rave about
HENDRIX	Good cooking	A house-wife	Charming	An author	Poverty
HICKS	Herself	A school marm	Unassuming	Kidnapped	Round shoulders

HOSHALL	Her stare	Nora Bayes II.	A question	A minister's wife	Too much pep
HUNTER	Her eyelashes	Mrs. Jim	A prevaricator	An old maid	Life on a farm
JORDAN	Shrewdness	Noticed	Obstreperous	Governor of Texas	Kat Luna
KULLER	Sweet disposition	Illustrious	Reserved	A theosophist	A kiss
KAIL	Affection for Joe	At Penn. State	Indifferent	At Penn. State	Old age
LEAR	Solos	A prima donna	Dignified	A chorus girl	Loss of voice
MILLER	Parties	Rich	In love	A dressmaker	Suicide
MORROW	Jazz	Josef Martin II.	Domineering	Corpulent	Excitement
MOORE	Giggling	A business woman	Brilliant	A butterfly	Nothing to say
OLMSTEAD	Stelle	Dignified	A bluff	A school teacher	Prohibition of rouge
OWENS	Writing letters	Roy's wife	Dramatic	A jazzie jazzer	Disappointment in love
POST	Her voice	Famous	Practical	Voice teacher at Sulins	Heart failure
PURVIS	Her hair	A missionary	Ambitious	A Sunday school teacher	Riot in book store
PUCKETT	Popularity	A vamp	Considerate	A judge	Student Council
REYNOLDS	Art work	A great artist	Good looking	A ballet dancer	Living in the North
RICHARDS	Good grades	Admired	Competent	Mayor of St. Louis	Loafing
SHUETTE	Finding fault	Sam's	Determined	Shuette forever	School
LOCKETT	Town dates	A gym teacher	Athletic	Somebody's wife	Solitude
STENNIS	Her men	Important	Attractive	A success	Unpopularity
SKIRVIN	Repartee	A Philosopher	Cheerful	An animal trainer	Miss Hamilton
WRIGHT	Her sewing	A politician	Affectionate	Matron of an Orphanage	Cokes
WHITE	Love of study	An English teacher	Good hearted	President of a school	Frogs



Last Will and Testament



WE, the Senior Class of Sullins College, of the year nineteen hundred and twenty-one, being sufficiently enlightened and versed in the ways of the world; and thinking it a wise and beneficent act to leave our many possessions to those who will in the course of time occupy our positions, do hereby make and proclaim this our last will and testament, thereby revoking all former wills, bequests, and devices of whatever nature by us made:

To our Alma Mater, we leave our deepest love, respect, and loyalty.

To our President, Dr. Martin, we surrender all points in every argument that we, either individually or collectively, have had with him. We have secured a patent on the smile he continually wears and which we love so dearly; and we will it to him, that he may keep it forever.

To Miss Mattingly, our sponsor, we leave our love and appreciation, and the privilege of using her wit freely, and of carrying her smile through all the remaining days of her life.

To the faculty, we bequeath our thanks for the patience with which they have guided us through the thorny paths of Seniorhood. To Josef Martin, we leave the exclusive right to skip in the halls. To Miss Zachery, we give the privilege of telling all her experiences in France to all future students, and of singing in French quartettes. To Miss Blackwell, we leave the prayer that she retain no class until after lunch. To Miss McGavock, we bequeath the right to forget, which right shall be possessed by no other member of the faculty, nor of the student body, nor of the college household.

To the Junior Class, we intrust the dignity of being Seniors. We impart to them all our sighs and moans, especially over Shakespeare. We bequeath to them also the joy of keeping the College clean, of picking up paper in the Chapel when visitors come, or of ordering underclassmen to do so.

To our sister class, the Sophomores, we leave all our good advice, hoping that they will profit by it in the coming years.

To the Freshmen Class, we do will all the chewing gum that we have left about the building, upon the expressed condition that they make use of it only in the seclusion of their boudoirs, with the door locked.

The following members of the Senior Class have particular bequests to make:

Josephine Godley, president of the class, wills her position of dignity to Mildred Langford, desiring to give her the opportunity of putting into practice her powers of leadership.

Mildred Puckett, president of the Student Council, delivers the responsibility of that office to Gertrude Mankin, with the hope that its weight will lead her to make the back campus the audience for her well known laugh.

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Lucile Atherton bequeathes to Tommy Ridgell, her position as editor-in-chief of the Annual, hoping that Tommy will take it with a smile.

Lora May Baxley confers upon "S" Fatsinger, all her dates on Saturday nights, hoping that she will be allowed to use them.

The supreme art of bluffing has been bestowed upon Reba Samuels, Jerry Fleshman making the sacrifice.

Margaret Haigler leaves her ability in business management to Ann Jernigan, in the hope that Ann will prove capable of holding down something serious.

The position as "perculator" in the next minstrel is cheerfully allotted to Catherine Webster, by Rene Lee Stennis. We hope that Catherine will make her minstrel "perculate" as well as Rene Lee did.

Char'ine Edwards leaves to Evelyn Skillern, her gracefulness and ability to dance.

Last of all, that no Sullins girls may ever forego any pleasure that we have enjoyed, we, the Senior Class, leave this menu to all Sullins: weenies on Monday, prunes on Tuesday, cabbage on Wednesday, grits on Thursday, corn beef on Friday and hash on Saturday.

In witness whereof we set our seal this thirtieth day of May, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty-one.

Signed: SENIOR CLASS.

By CAROLYN CALDWELL.

Witnesses :

LOUISE EXLINE, *President of Junior Class.*

ELIZABETH SMEDES, *Secretary of Junior Class.*



PROPHECY

M. Reynolds



HERE was a tense silence in this mysterious room which we had so breathlessly entered a few moments before. What did the future hold for us? Strangeness, curiosity, and a certain feeling of fear held us in a mystic spell. Suddenly some dark velvet curtains parted and there appeared against a sombre background two queerly dressed, but beautiful figures, dancing slowly to weird music that was coming from an unknown source. Fascinated and half hypnotized we watched this unusual scene. Then a covered object was placed in the middle of the stage. The dancing ceased almost as quickly as it had begun. The music grew more weird and slowly the draperies at the back opened, another figure appeared walking slowly toward the object in the center of the room and, kneeling in front of it, she slipped off the cover—it was the crystal-ball! Our eyes never left the white face of the crystal gazer. She remained on the floor, her long silken robe outlining her figure. She seemed in a trance, never moving, hardly breathing, her large, dark eyes gazing into the ball as if trying to probe its depths.

Suddenly they gleamed, her lips moved and she muttered in a low, clear voice, "Sullins College, Senior Class, 1920-21. I get the name of Godley—yes, Josephine Godley. Closely connected with this name, I see in the future a white house, not a simple little cottage, but a Presidential mansion. Hers will be a great responsibility. As the wife of one of the future Presidents she will be a dominating influence in his life and political career."

The Crystal-gazer's voice trailed into silence, the light went out of her countenance and her face became mask-like. Anxiously we leaned toward the ball, and soon she continued her muttering, "Next, I get a ballroom floor. A beautiful voice attracts my attention. The dance has ceased for this special song. In a balcony overhanging the throng I see Marilee Lear's face amid a bower of roses. Her golden notes hold the crowd in a trance."

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Silence was resumed. Then the crystal-gazer carried our fascinated attention to an entirely different scene. "I get the lapping of water. A lovely white yacht is plowing its way thru the breakers off the Pacific Coast. The moon smiles peacefully down upon a gay party, weaving with its silver beams an air of romance about the whole ship. On deck, seated at a small table under a light, are two charmingly dressed young matrons engaged in a game of cards with ardent admirers of the opposite sex. These ladies are the greatest social successes of a younger married set. As wives of extremely successful business men, their place in society is irreproachable. The names of Mrs. Ernest Andrews and Mrs. Frank Rauleau appear daily in the Society Columns of the newspapers. This is the future of Jerry Fleshman and Elizabeth Hoshall. But there is another couple on the ship, heretofore unnoticed. Far down the deck they stand—the girl leaning against the rail and the man talking in an eager tone. I catch the word 'Elizabeth,' and it seems that Miss Davis has consented to give her heart and hand to a college professor."

Our seer glanced up, but only for a second. Her eyes again searched the ball—and again the scene shifted. "I see a spacious drawing-room filled with attractive women, but the one receiving particular attention is the noted singer, Miss Post. She is giving a tea for a number of celebrities. Among them are some of her old school friends. It seems that Miss Corbett has acquired fame as a composer, Miss Flynt and Miss Green are popular pianists and Miss Morrow is universally loved because of her jazz music. Miss Owen, the reader, and Miss Reynolds, the famous artist, are also there, and Miss Edwards has consented to give one of her beautiful dances as a surprise. This performance especially pleases Miss Lockett, who has just returned from a hunt for wild game. She is one of the few women who have dared to brave the perils of the African jungles."

With a scarcely perceptible pause, the crystal-gazer went on: "I see a large library, and in it are a group of distinguished-looking women. Miss Haigler is delivering to them her late lecture on 'Psychological Tests for School Children.' Miss Babcock and Miss Barfield seem particularly interested as both of them are professors of psychology. Miss Bassett and Miss Bowers are ardent advocates of this subject, and the Misses Atchley, Caldwell, Baxley and Hartley attend because they are always interested in any new reform."

Those who had heard what the future held for them were quiet, but the rest of us waited our time in tense anxiety. A puzzled expression crossed the face of the crystal-gazer. "I see golden hair and it's bobbed! Miss Puckett has become judge. She is trying the case of Rene Lee Stennis Scott, who is suing for a divorce. Mrs. Scott insists that she is an American girl and in spite of her husband must live in her own country. Miss Hunter is the prosecuting attorney, and Miss Jordan the lawyer for the defendant. The jury is composed entirely of women; in it are the familiar faces of Misses Kuller, Kail and Hendrix, who are gossiping

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down in one corner of the stand, while Misses Skirvin, Hicks, Miller and Moore are attentive listeners."

There was a rustle! and a wave of subdued amusement. But the crystal-gazer went on in an uninflected voice: "I see mountains and a summer cabin. It is a retreat for noted authors who have gathered to rest from the strain of their literary careers. Coming up the hill I see dignified Miss Olmstead and serious Miss White, giggling like school children, weighted down by heavy buckets of water which they carelessly splash over their boots. You would never know that Miss Richards and Miss Shuette have a monopoly on the best written books in America, by the way they are sweeping the cabin porch. Miss Purvis seems to be the only one who is living up to her profession. Thru the door you can see her writing on her appealing composition, 'Missionary Work in Foreign Fields.' She is doing this in order to help Miss Mary Jane Wright who is strongly interested in charity work for the children of Brazil.

"An automobile arrives! Everybody runs to meet the new-comer, Lucile Atherton, who for once in her life could not resist the mountains, has thrown her work aside to visit her friends. She is tired of news, tired of work and tired of New York. All that she wants is the woods, and the quiet to talk over Sullins with her old school acquaintances."

The spell was broken, the crystal-gazer rose and, still trance-like, passed quietly from the room. This was our signal, our fortunes had been read! And we went on our way to test the truth of the crystal-ball's predictions.

—*Bess Collins.*



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CERTIFICATE

Certificate Class

VIRGINIA ALSTON	<i>Home Economics</i>
REBIE HALEY	<i>Piano</i>
WADE MASTERMAN	<i>Business Course</i>
RUTH MCCREARY	<i>Business Course</i>
MARTHA SKIRVIN	<i>Domestic Science</i>
KATHLEEN WILSON	<i>Expression</i>
RENE LEE STENNIS	<i>Piano</i>
ESTELLE PARKER	<i>Play-Ground Superintendent</i>
MILDRED LAKE	<i>Art</i>

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JUNIORS

THE 1921 CRYSTAL BALL

Junior Class

OFFICERS

LOUISE EXLINE *President*
 GRACE ROGERS *Vice-President*
 ELIZABETH SMEDES *Secretary-Treasurer*

MEMBERS

LORA ANDREWS
 RUTH BERRY
 VIRGINIA BYARS
 VIVIAN BRUNNER
 VIRGINIA BOURLAND
 MARY BURWELL
 GEORGIA CLEMMENTS
 MARY CHEAPE
 EMMA CARR
 ELIZABETH CORBIN
 ELIZABETH CLAPHAM
 RUTH CLAYTON
 HELEN CHRISTENSEN
 LISBETH COPPOCK
 DOROTHY CECIL
 LELLA COTTINGHAM
 MAYBELLE DOUGLAS
 MARY DRINKARD
 LILLIAN ENGLISH
 ESSEMAI FATZINGER
 FLORENCE GILMAN
 RUTH GREEN
 WILLIE GODLEY
 AMELIA HARRISON
 HERMIE HARKINS
 LUCILLE HAGENER
 LORE HIRSCHFELD
 MITTIE HATCHER

DOROTHY JONES
 SHIRLEY JORDAN
 MARY JONES
 REGINA KROUSE
 MARY BANE KELLY
 MILDRED LANGFORD
 DAISY LANE
 BESSIE LANDERS
 FONNIE LANDRUM
 KATHERINE LUNA
 MILDRED LAKE
 BETTY MONROE
 DOROTHY MATHIS
 HELEN MUMMERT
 RUTH MCCREARY
 MARY MURPHY
 JANE MIXON
 HELEN MORRIS
 MARY MACK
 ALICE NEIMEYER
 PHOEBE NELSON
 LOUISE PITTMAN
 GRACE P
 MARTHA
 MARY
 JOSEPH
 ELIZAB
 EVELYN

RITA SMITH
 RUTH STALLSMITH
 FLORILLA SHAFFER
 HELEN SCHRYVER
 RUTH STALEY
 THELMA SUMMERSON
 WILLIE SIMS
 ELIZABETH SIMPSON
 VIRGINIA SMITHERS
 OLGA SIMMONS
 MARGARET THOMPSON
 ALICE TURNER
 ROLINE TEASLEY
 ELEANOR TERRY
 KATHERINE THOMPSON
 MARGARET THOMAS
 MARY WILLOUGHBY
 RUTH WILLOUGHBY
 CATHERINE WEBSTER
 ETHEL WILD
 BLANCHE WILBUR
 SARAH WRIGHT
 JEWEL WEBB
 HELEN WATERFIELD
 KATHRYN WHITE
 MARTHA WARNER
 ROSA BELLE WILLIAMSON
 FRANCES YOUNG



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THE 1921



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THE 1921

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THE 1921



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College Specials

OFFICERS

MILDRED KETRON.....*President*
MARY CATHERINE JASPER.....*Vice-President*
VIRGINIA ALSTON.....*Secretary-Treasurer*

MEMBERS

DOROTHY ACKERMAN	NELL SMITH
FRANCES BENSLEY	FONNIE LANDRUM
MARY BOYKIN	BETTY SEBRING
MARGARET COFFS	RUTH SHARRER
MARY DILLARD	BILLIE SMOKE
CORITA DAVIS	LOUISE GOLDSMITH
ELVA RIVERS FOSTER	KATHLEEN WILSON
REBIE HALEY	CORNELIA BAGLEY
THELMA HARSHBARGER	WADE MASTERMAN
GENEVE HAINLINE	LULA WYLY
ANNIE KING	MARY LOUISE RAMSEY
GERTRUDE MANKIN	MARIAN KIRTLEY
MAYME McMILLAN	AUGUSTA VANN
STEPHANA OLSHANSKA	WILLENE PALMER
MARGARET THOMAS	CECELIA NEWELL
VERNA THOMASON	ISABEL HALL
ANNA LAURA PEYTON	EVA DODSON
MILDRED VAN HORN	THELMA HIRSCH
INEZ VAN HORN	LAVINIA CRAWFORD

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THE 1921 CRYSTAL BALL



THE 1921

CRYSTAL BALL

SOPHIE MORE





Sophomore Class

OFFICERS

ELIZABETH JOHNSON *President*
VIRGINIA BOZEMAN *Vice-President*
MARTHA STERCHI *Secretary-Treasurer*

MEMBERS

LAVINA CLOUD
HELEN CURTIS
ESTELLE GARNER
RUTH GARREN
RUTH GREEN
CATHERINE HOLT
IRMA LISCOM

LUCILE LISTER
CATHERINE MCLEAN
MARY LEE NANTS
ELIZABETH PURIFOY
BETTY RILEY
EVELYN SHARPE
ROBBIE WADE

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

VELMA DARBY
LOUISE FOX
ESTHER HALTOM
GRIZELDA HARGRAVES
MARY JONES
JESSIE JONES
JENNY LIVELY
ETHEL MAYFIELD

DOROTHY MILLIKEN
CELESTE PORTER
FRANCES POWELL
MARY LOUISE RAMSEY
TOMMY RIDGELL
ISABEL SAMUELS
TEAGUE SIMMONS
HELEN STERCHI

MARTHA SUTTON

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FRESHMEN

Freshman Class

OFFICERS

JANICE MALONEY.....*President*
NELLE WYLY.....*Secretary*

MEMBERS

DELLA BEL
URSULA CAREY
BESSIE CLARK
LUCILE CRAWFORD
GRACE DILLON
DOROTHY GRIZZARD
ANNE JERNIGAN
LUCILE KROUSE
MILDRED KIRBACH
RUTHYN MORRISON
EMMA MARTIN
JEWEL KEELER
RUBY KEELER

LOUISE PURKEY
ELLEN SITTON
HELEN NORDLINGER
MARTHA STONE
JANICE MALONEY
MARY WHITE
NELL WYLY
MAXIE WELLMAN
BERNICE HOLT
CATHERINE HOLT
VELMA DARBY
ETHEL HAMMIL
ESTHER HALTOM

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THE · 1921

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Prep Special Class

OFFICERS

DOROTHY KAHLE *President*
DOROTHY STONE *Secretary-Treasurer*

MEMBERS

RITA AGOSTINI

ELSA COLLAZO

KATHARINE JACOWAY

VALERIA LAMAR

PORTA McCLAIN

KATHARINE PEELER

REBA SAMUELS

NOLA SILVER

MARY SPRINGALL

JANIE TOPP

LEAFRANCES BEATTY

PAULINE GRAS

DOROTHY KAHLE

MARGARET BICKLEY

LOUISE PAGE

ELAINE ROBERTS

DOROTHY STONE

MERCEDES SOTOLONGO

ADELAIDE WEINBERG

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"Luck Stars"



H, what is so rare as a day in June?" Alyce Burke quite agreed with whoever said this, but nevertheless maintained that a night in the same month was vastly rarer. It filled one with romantic inspirations and divine ideas for poetry. And poetry was Alyce's hobby, the joy and boon of her existence. ¶Laura Bunnell, otherwise Laurie, had recently received from an adorably indulgent father, on her twentieth birthday, a handsome bungalow situated picturesquely on Lake Tapewasco in the northern part of New York state. Alyce Burke was one of five fortunate schoolmates who had been invited to spend a fortnight with her. And, oh, what delightful hours they had spent! There had been boating, and swimming, and hiking, and tennis, and picnics, not to mention pillow fights and mid-night feasts. They now lamented that their wonderful visit was to terminate so soon—but not without a grand finale.

On this particular June afternoon we find Sunny Lodge in a high state of anticipation. The girls were preparing a general feed for the express benefit of Camp Pepper, which was placed almost directly across the lake from Sunny Lodge. The inmates of this camp were six lone, lorn, college boys endeavoring to live the simple and comparatively primitive life. In consequence, they were ruining their digestions and complexions as well as being devoured in wholesale quantities by mosquitoes, flies, red ants, yellow jackets, wild bees, and sand bugs. Ruth Moore, one of the charming half dozen at Sunny Lodge, possessed a brother Jim, who was quite attached to Laurie, and who was experiencing the horrors of the back-to-nature vacation. It was thru Jim that Laurie invited all the boys to the roast, for "Must not the poor things be dreadfully desolate over there, all by themselves, without having seen a single girl for ever so long?" Thus out of sheer compassion and unadulterated altruism they planned the roast. Under direction of Laurie's Aunt Patsy, the girls dusted and straightened up (Anna was too busy in the kitchen baking pies), curled obstinate locks, cleaned shoes and pressed frocks.

Alyce wasn't a bit thrilled at the prospect, and spent the entire afternoon lying in her canoe. Tall fir trees grew down close to the shore line and into their depths Alyce gazed dreamily. At intervals she would write a sentence on the paper in her lap. Alyce was expounding in verse the loveliness of June. Suddenly her poetic reverie was disturbed by voices dolefully calling her name, and soon Ruth Moore, Beatrice Gray and Marie Raymer appeared, looking very sorrowfully. Hurriedly tucking her manuscript under a cushion, she jumped out of the canoe and ran to meet them.

"Oh, girls, what has happened?" she exclaimed in alarm, "any bad news?"

"Not exactly," they answered, "but we're so undecided."

"About what? Don't keep me in suspense," she begged.

"About," began Beatrice, "whether we should be at the wharf to meet the boys, when they arrive, or to be all seated in unassuming positions on the porch, or whether only Aunt Patsy should be in evidence upon their immediate arrival. Oh dear! it is such a mess."

"What did Aunt Patsy say about it?" asked Alyce.

"We never thought to ask her," replied Marie.

"Let's do it right away," put in Ruth. "Come on Al, I want to ask you something very important."

The four chums walked arm in arm up the beach singing one of their school songs at the top of their voices. Helen and Laurie were standing in the door-way when they reached the house.

"Well," said Laurie resignedly, "if that were anything but our college song I'd have to take measures to prevent it, as a member of the Humane Society."

Ruth took Alyce aside, "Al dear, if you'll let me wear your coral voile dress you may wear my blue organdie. You look much better in blue, anyway."

"I'm overwhelmed with your kindness," replied Alyce. "Sure, go ahead. I don't care much how I look, as boys don't interest me."

"But, Al, if you only knew how good looking these boys are. They're all demoralizingly handsome, honestly. Personally, I don't care how I look either, but you look wonderful in blue."

"Ruth, my dear child, I wouldn't care if the whole bunch posed for Arrow collar advertisements."

"Al is hopeless," Ruth called to the rest of the girls.

"Oh, they all flop sooner or later," remarked Helen, shrugging her shoulders.

"Art thou sure?" Aunt Patsy came flying down stairs with some Japanese lanterns, "I'm thirty-five and haven't flopped yet."

"Where there's a will there's a way," sang Laurie.

"Hear, hear. Come on girls, while we're putting up the lanterns we'll discuss the reception arrangements which seem to have been bothering you for the last half hour."

* * * * *

Everything was going famously. Fully a dozen sausages had been hopelessly burnt. Some one had reduced the marshmallows to a shapeless pulp by sitting on them, and Bob Cubberly had planted his foot in the bag of rolls and gotten meringue on his elbow. A more embarrassed person never lived.

"Please excuse him," said Austin Vance. "He's absent-minded, you know, ladies." Then in a stage whisper, "But, old chap, don't forget that it would be a social error now to try to eat that pie off your elbow."

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Confound these fellows, anyway. Bill, Jim, Ed and the rest of them were always getting him at a disadvantage the minute he was off the campus.

Alyce sat far back in the shadows, sadly bored with the gay banter all round her. All of a sudden she thought of a perfectly beautiful expression comparing the stars to cut and polished diamonds. It was an ideal time and she was in an ideal mood to finish her poem, so she rose quietly and left the group about the fire. Walking slowly up the beach Alyce caught strains of music floating clearly from the veranda where a few of the crowd were dancing. It was a waltz, a soft, dreaming waltz. How lovely everything was, the whispering pines, the lapping water and the beautiful moon lightly veiled by a wisp of cloud. Alyce got very near her canoe, lying as it had been left that afternoon, before she noticed the light and the man in it. Robert Cubberly! Horrors! and he was reading her poetry! Surprise, shame, terror, then bitter anger surged in her breast. How dare he read it? Her poetry! She wanted to shriek! There he lay profanely reading her cherished verses aloud by flash light.

"I sing thy praises, lovely June,
O month of mellow golden moon—
Month of roses, queen of flowers,
Wooed by wind in leafy bowers,
Murmuring accents soft of love,
Fleecy clouds look from above."

It was plain murder, this mutilation of her sweet dreams and finer sensibilities. The brute paused a moment, then read on:

"I Hear the soothing drone of bee,
A bird trills—Joy from every tree.
And as he westward wings his way,
Expounds the glory of the day."

He seemed to have great difficulty in reading it.

"Gee! he said once, reflectively, looking off the paper.

"He's going to laugh, Oh!" thought Alyce, with clenched fists, but on the verge of weeping. He read on:

"At evening when the sun goes down,
The hill receives a rainbow crown.
Against the light a flying cow—"

"Cow! Merciful heavens! Crow!" he had spoiled one of her pet ideas, that of the silhouette of a crow across the sunset. What if she had written it sitting

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in a cramped position? What if it were almost impossible to read her writing? He had no right to distort her poetry!

"Creeping softly thru the trees
Comes the faintly scented cheese—"

"Well, that eliminates limburger," he said; "but I fail to grasp the idea."

Alyce was ready to faint with mortification. This monster would tell the whole world, and people would drive her to insanity with their laughter. Better to die now, than after the disgrace of discovery. She drew nearer, quivering with rage and fear.

"I walk along the sandy beach
Where green waves to the blue sky reach.
A distant sail reflects the gleam
Of dancing sea and flashing beam.
I sense that thing of living motion,
Pickled fishes in the ocean."

There it went! Her adored phrase, "prism'd fathoms." Then something seemed to snap within Alyce, but with it came an idea. The paddle lay on the sand nearby. Carefully lifting it out of the way, she silently and gradually worked the craft, from its insecure mooring on the beach, into the lake. Tiny waves caught and began to carry it outward. Bob read on, and, sitting in the same sand, she heard his voice die away. Only the pines moaned and cracked and the water beat against the shore. She considered herself avenged. After the boat had been lost to sight, Alyce rose and started back to the bungalow. The moon was no longer visible and so in the darkness she started for the kitchen door. It was necessary to make a note of "cut and polished diamonds stars" before forgetting it, so she intended going unseen up the back stairs to her room. On the way she almost stumbled over some one—or was it two?—sitting in the lawn swing, and from the few words heard, knew it was Edgar airing his "line." In the living room, Laurie, Helen, Beatrice and Ruth were singing, "Our Alma Mater Forever," in return for which the boys sang their fraternity songs. Then the octet favored the world with "Margie," "Clementine," and "Kiss Me Again," with illustrations by Edgar and Marie in the side yard. Aunt Patsy was kept busy filling lemonade glasses.

"Jim," she said once, "you drink this as if a kick were present," which was the signal for the male quarter to recline dolefully upon each other and oblige with, "And When I Die."

Up stairs Alyce sat with her head in her hands, disgusted with the unaesthetic noise below and trying to concentrate on poetry. Once between songs she heard a rumble of thunder, but thought nothing of it and wrote on.

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"Each a diamond Luck Star has,
Guides his destinies thru life—
Leads him in the easiest paths—"

Another clap of thunder louder than the first—or was some one moving the piano back? She heard the screen door slam as Marie and Edgar came into the house. The shade began to flap and she closed the window.

The glass in the panes began to rattle. Alyce lifted her head just as a streak of lightning zigzagged across the horizon, and running to the window she opened it a bit. A mighty gust of wind blew the curtains into her face and scattered papers from the desk about the room. Then came a deafening crash of thunder. The music ceased suddenly. A storm! and a storm on Lake Tapiwasco was something to be considered.

The occupants of the room below gazed at each other in consternation and Aunt Patsy, the only one who could, turned pale, but Jim laughed:

"It only means that we'll have to leave immediately," he said.

"I couldn't think of letting you go out on the lake in this storm," said Aunt Patsy, shaking her head gravely.

"But really, Miss Grosworth," said Austin Vance, stepping forward, "the danger is very slight, as my boat was built for use on the ocean and has been in storms much worse than this ever could blow up on Lake Tapiwasco."

"But if anything should happen, I'd feel forever responsible."

"Never fear," Jim assured her; "you know we don't fancy death by drowning, or by any method for that matter, so if the risk were much we wouldn't attempt it. We'd better leave before it gets worse, tho."

Alyce sat on the bed, hands clutching the counterpane, and eyes staring out the window at the raging storm. Her heart was torn with anguish and horror. Not a heartless girl by nature, she was merely supersensitive about her poetry, and this was the result: Bob Cubberly adrift in a frail canoe, helpless in the path of an awful storm. Oh, why had he found the poetry and how could she have been so thoughtless, reckless and cruel? There was no chance for life in such rough water. Alyce had no particular idea in putting Bob adrift; didn't see how that would benefit her cause in the least. In fact she didn't think at all, but was just terribly mortified and furiously angry—Poor Bob, lying at the bottom of the lake—he had such kind blue-gray eyes and pretty wavy hair. She was a murderess! But maybe he'd been rescued by a passing boat or maybe—

Later the girls came tripping merrily up stairs, the rain which was falling in torrents by no means putting a damper on their high spirits. Alyce began hopefully to question them.

"Did Mr. Cubberly—?"

"Oh dear, yes, he did," said Marie, "and he fell hard too. You're both such dreamers that we're sure you got on wonderfully together raving about the Big and Little Dippers."

"Or listening to the songs of bull frogs," added Ruth.

"But, girls," begged the afflicted one, "did you see—?"

"Cheer up! of course we didn't see," assured Laurie; "we kept Aunt Patsy busy so she wouldn't and didn't even look ourselves, so there!"

"Please," wailed Alyce, "did you hear—?"

"No," cried Beatrice joyfully, "not a thing! Congratulations! Al, honey, can't we all be bridesmaids? I'm sleepy. Tell us all about it in the morning, dear, won't you?"

Alyce realized that she could never get any satisfaction from these hilarious girls. Dare she confide in Laurie to get additional information about Bob? No, her poetry would have to be brought in to the discussion and besides, as matters rested, no one would ever know who had sent Robert Cubberly to his death. There was no sleep for Alyce Burke that night.

The girls were to leave for their various homes at 10:30 next morning, and the first rays of the sun found Alyce very tired and unhappy, walking down to the lake to bid it farewell. She roamed to her old familiar haunts and at length drew near the fatal spot of the night before. There, not far distant, lay her canoe, turned over one one side with its water soaked cushions strewn about near by! She gazed in terror. This then was proof of the direful result of her revenge. She was indeed a murderess, her victim lying in the bottom of the lake, and here at her feet, washed ashore by the merciless waves, was a mute reminder of the crime! Her life was to be forever haunted by the vision of a hideously empty canoe, overturned. With a heart torn by anguish, she turned toward the house, resolved to tell all. As Alyce reached the door and the girls came rushing out her courage seemed to flee, but she plunged in bravely, if abruptly, from the beginning.

"Oh, girls," she blurted miserably, "last night by the fire I started to thinking of a cut and polished diamond—"

"Oh,—you did?" they laughed, "well just what is our little Alyce coming to?—and you did the proposing then, too?"

"Listen! now please, be reasonable! You understand I didn't—"

"No, of course," Ruth soothed her; "we knew you weren't that kind of a girl. But run along and get washed for breakfast now, we're nearly famished."

Thus Alyce was again at a disadvantage, with her good resolutions vanishing but her peace of mind and conscience still at large.

* * * * *

One cannot always discover the how and why of things. So Bob's deliverance was as yet an unexplained and unexplainable matter to Alyce. She had no way of knowing that Bob's "cut and polished diamond Luck Star" had caused a reed lightly to run the length of his cheek as the canoe was gliding thru the water. This recalled to him his surroundings, which he noticed with some alarm, were



quite different from those in which he still imagined himself to be. Altho a storm was brewing, this change of scenery would have been all right had there been a paddle, but without one he was helplessly being carried out into the open lake. This was a real predicament. Soon the boat reached rough water and began to rock dangerously. The wind and thunder and lightning increased, as did the stretch of water between the canoe and land. He started calling, but the noise of the elements was so great that he could scarcely hear his own voice, so of course no one could respond. Bob thought hard. But how the dickens did he get out here anyway? He could find no solution, and besides, the question was not how he got out there, but how to get back.

The fury and force of the storm increased and the little boat was tossed about like a cork. Flashes of lightning showed the disappearing land. More than one person had lost his life in a storm on Tapiwasco. Bob thought of the poor cat he had drowned at ten years of age and all the birds he had shot since. The boat dipped several bucketfuls. The water was too rough and the distance too far to swim. Suddenly he thought of his flashlight—and it still burned. Eagerly casting it about, he followed its gleam with an anxious eye. What was that? A barrel stave! Just the thing, but it floated on out of reach. Heavens! Ah, another barrel stave, but it too danced tantalizingly away. His case looked hopeless—when a third barrel stave came into sight and into reach. Saved! Amid splinters, blisters, and powerfully strong language of the decidedly unprintable variety, he worked his way to shore. Blessed Earth! With more haste than skill he dragged the canoe partly onto land. In the deluge of rain, Bob ran toward the house but half way met his chums rushing toward their motor boat, and joining them was soon traveling homeward.

Once dry and warm in the boat, Bob took time to think. If he told the fellows of his adventure they either would not believe him or else would tease him cruelly for the rest of his natural life. Under these circumstances he resolved to keep silent.

* * * * *

The gruesome fact that she had sent a man to his death was uppermost in Alyce's mind every minute of the trip back to New York. The other girls laughed and chatted but she sat mournfully staring out of the window.

"Camp Pepper is breaking up this morning, too" Beatrice was saying: "they seem to have had enough vacation and even declare, 'Never again.'"

"Which do you think best looking?" Thus they talked on.

Alyce's father and mother were in the West. So, as no one was at the station to meet her, she walked toward the taxi arcade, a porter with her bags leading the way. The other four girls had an hour's wait for the train to Boston, and were at that exact moment giving their orders for frappes at the soda fountain.

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The porter placed her bags in a car and Alyce turned to pay him. And behold! Coming toward her was a familiar figure, but one as from a grave. She became faint and stumbled backward. This was an apparition come to mock and haunt her. It spoke.

"Why, Miss Burke, this is indeed a pleasure. Never dreamed of seeing you here."

Miss Burke blinked, opened her mouth and blinked some more.

"Th-then you're n-not dead?" she faltered.

"Dead? Well I should rather say not! I'm very much alive, but also very much lost at the present moment. What do you mean? Dead?"

"Oh, but you're supposed to be. May I pinch you?" she asked, timidly.

"Certainly," answered Bob, greatly perplexed; "but come, may I drive you home before going on to the hotel?"

That evening they had dinner together, during the progress of which she confessed everything, thus relieving her soul of its burden. Bob confessed that he, too, wrote verses occasionally, and expressed admiration of hers. Here indeed were two kindred souls!

They went to the theatre afterwards, and she pronounced him a "perfect darling," and he declared her "the most adorable girl in the world."

* * * * *

Cupid wishes to announce that it was the "cut and polished diamond Luck Stars" of both young people which arranged this meeting and which later merged to form a large, solitary, cut and polished diamond.

—*Lucile Hagener.*





My Bedspread

I had a dainty bedspread,
As white as driven snow,
With little bluebirds on it,
All flying in a row.

But many feet upon it,
Soon flecked that spread with gray;
I sent it to the laundry,
And my blue birds flew away!

—Charline Edwards.

Ten Happy Juniors

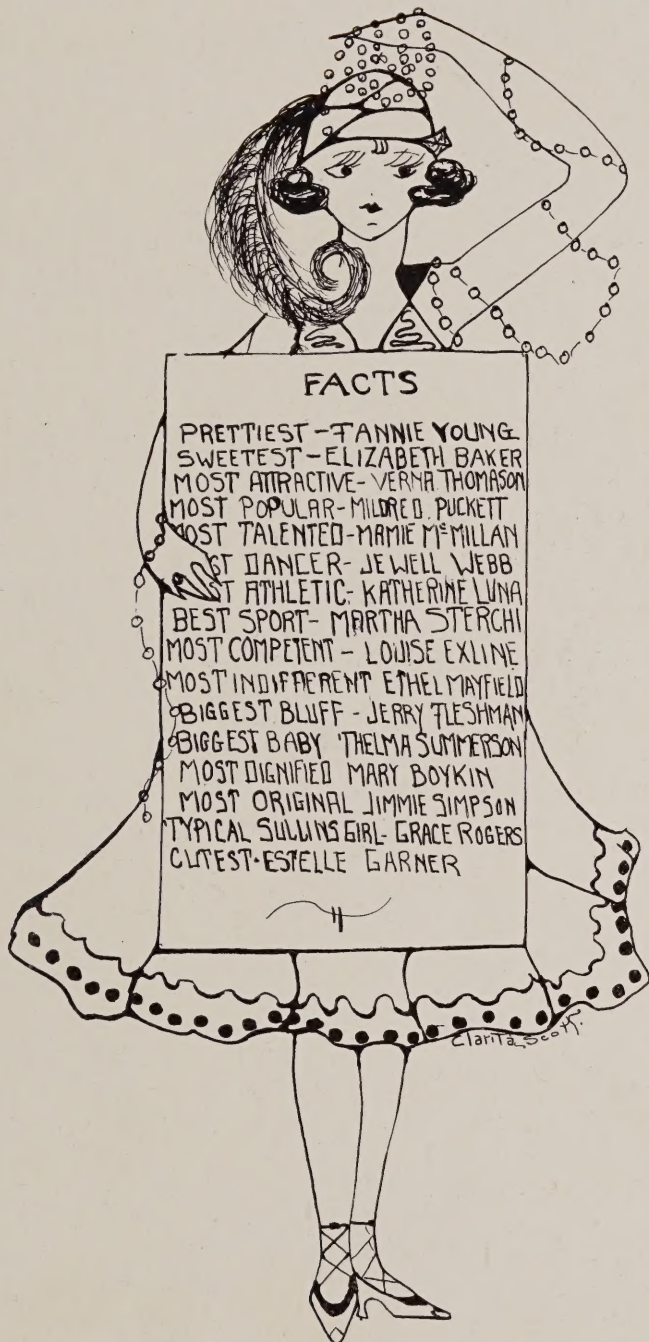
Ten happy Juniors went out to dine,
Mary swallowed her knife, and then there were nine.
Nine happy Juniors each had a date,
Julia got frightened, and that left eight.
Eight happy Juniors, the fairest under heaven,
"Slats" smoked a cigarette, and then there were seven.
Seven happy Juniors, out playing tricks,
Virginia got the worst of it, and that left six.
Six happy Juniors, in their lessons strive,
Miss "Mat" flunked Kitty, and then there were five.
Five happy Juniors, wishing for more,
"Ex" got an idea, and then there were four.
Four happy Juniors, went out to see,
Carrie saw Tate, and that left three.
Three happy Juniors, kind hearted and true,
Dr. Martin shipped Edwina, and that left two.
Two happy Juniors, with lessons done,
"Smedes" made a little speech, and then there was one.
One lonely Junior, wishing for some fun,
Norwood went riding, and then there were none.

—Kitty White.



FEATURING

THE · 1921 CRYSTAL BALL





MILDRED PUCKETT

Many hat -
 be sure - and - really -
 look me up - her come to
 if you see me
 Dallas
 Fannie





GRACE ROGERS





LOUISE EXLINE



*May your future be one
of the flowers
Love & Joy
and peace*



MARY BOYKIN





JEWELL WEBB



Let's love and bat
wishes & luck too for the
future. J.P.P.



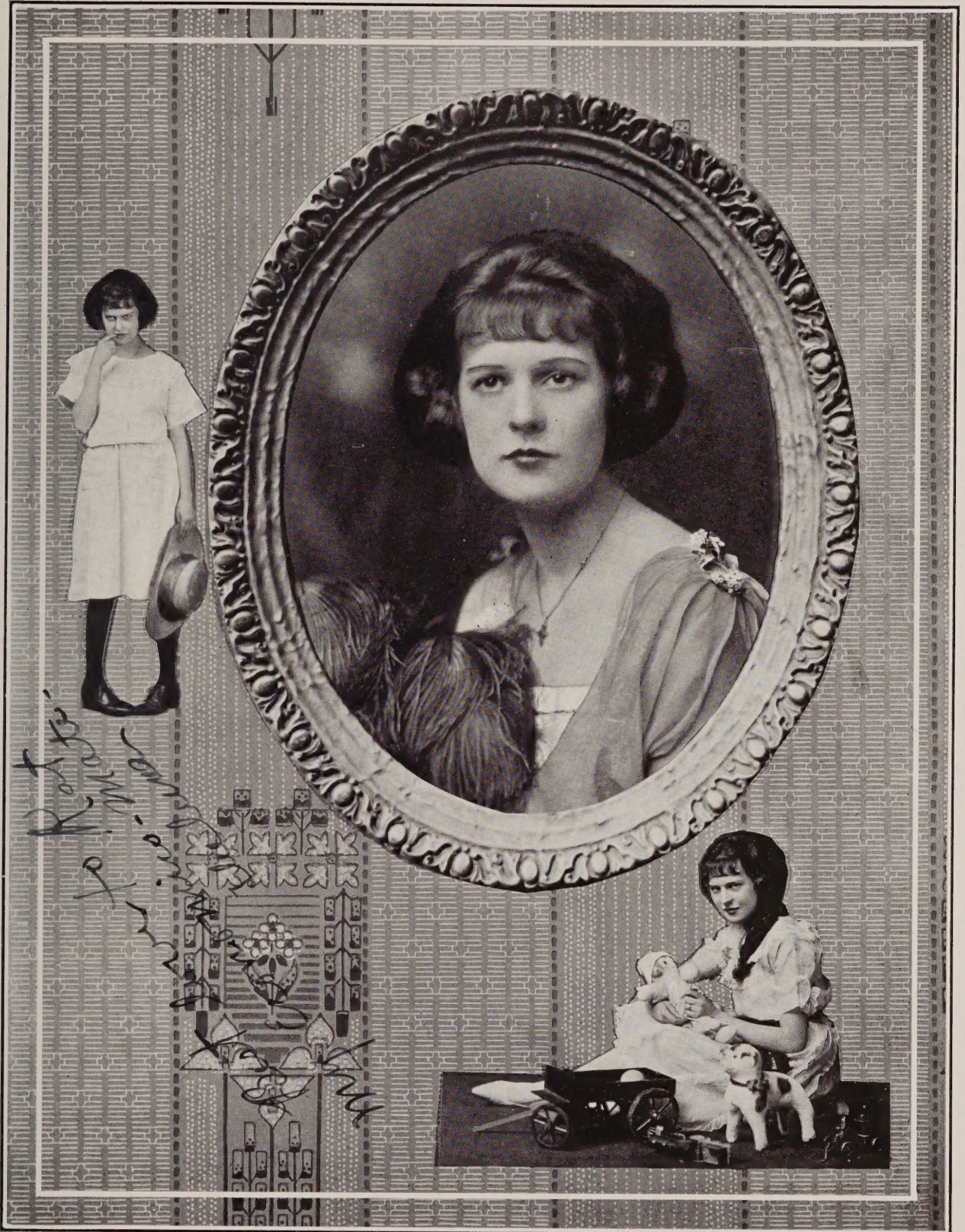
GERALDINE FLESHMAN



*Remember to
 K. L. - I won't
 me - you - I won't
 you - I won't
 you - I won't*



KATHERINE LUNA





ESTELLE GARNER



Do cats like
nuts? well
nuts sure like
cats. Love from
Jimmy.



The Sullins Mascot



SULLINS is very fortunate in having for a mascot a genuine celebrity. His name is Jim Whisky Nazaire, and he has won three French medals for distinguished service in the World War. One was for saving men wounded on the battlefield; one for his remarkable intelligence on outpost duty, and one for his record time in getting dispatches through at critical times during a battle. He was also winner of the first prize at the Atlanta Dog Show, shortly after the close of hostilities. His proud owner is Mr. Harry E. Pape, one of our Bristol friends. ¶ Whisky (now don't misunderstand; that's French for "Fleet") is a German police dog,

nearly three years old. He began his career with the French Red Cross at the age of six months, and won fame for saving the lives of over fifty wounded men in two month's time. He was then transferred to the 17th French Artillery, where he received a different sort of training, and did splendid service for seven months at the listening posts, on outpost duty, and as a messenger. While carrying dispatches between headquarters and the front line, during the battle of Argonne Forest, he was hurled twenty feet by a shell explosion, and suffered a fracture of both front legs at the first joint. Then came two painful months in the hospital, while the injured legs were kept in splints until thoroughly healed. In the meantime, the Armistice was signed, and Whisky's owner was induced to sell him to an American soldier. The American brought the dog to Camp Lee, Virginia, where he came into the possession of Captain Pape, who now has Whisky's unquestioned allegiance.

Like the best type of returned soldier, Whisky has the true after-the-war spirit, and shows his willingness to take his share of responsibility in civilian life. He spends each night assisting the watchman at the Mitchell-Powers Hardware Company, with which Mr. Pape is connected. There he makes regular tours of investigation in the No Man's Land of the upper floors of the big store.

Whisky has been formally adopted as the Sullins College Mascot, and we trust he will make his permanent home in Bristol. We doubt if he knows us as well as we know him, but we are hoping to improve the acquaintance.

Long may he whisk!



ACTIVITIES



THE 1921

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THE 1921

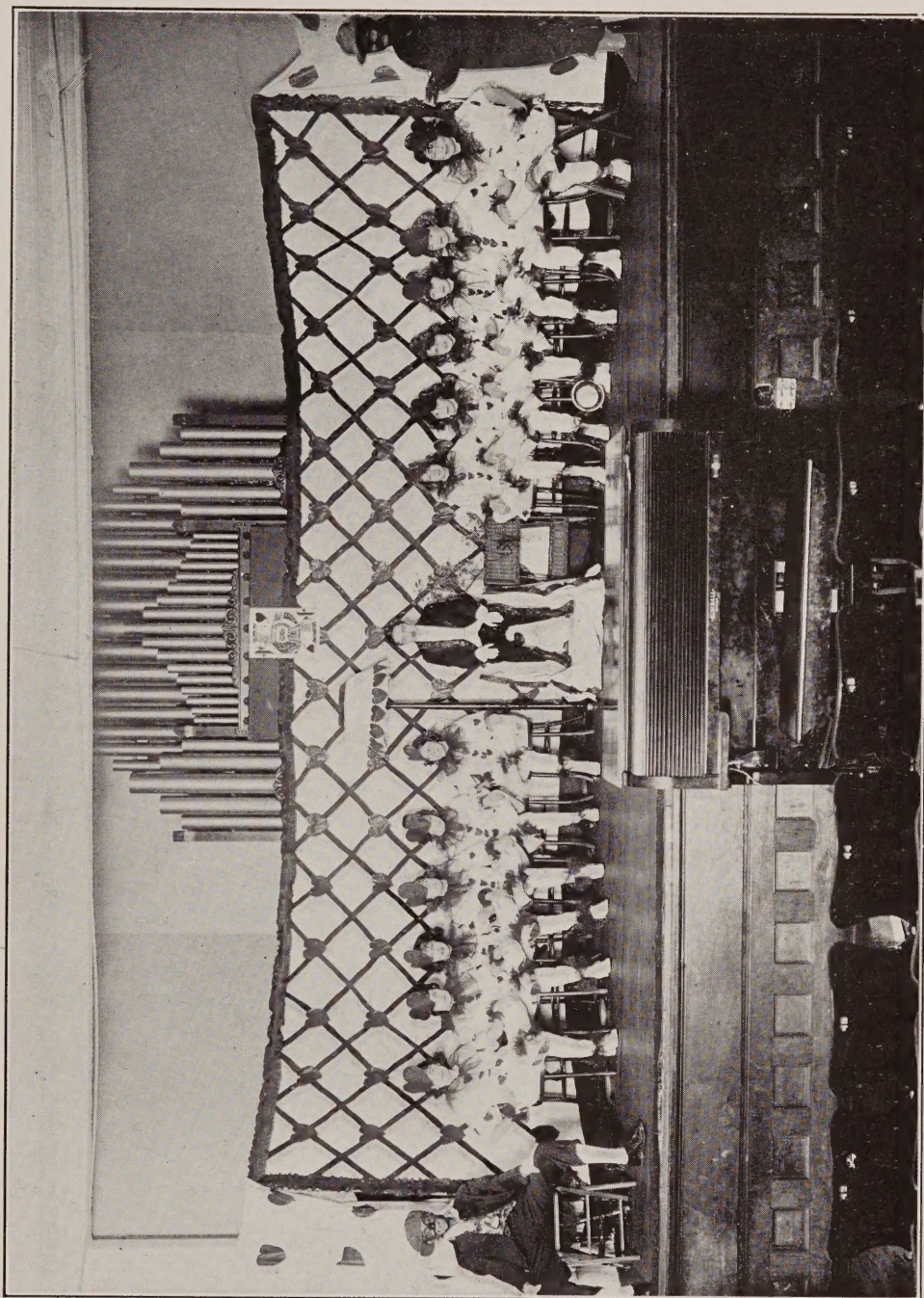


CRYSTAL BALL



*I've loved knowing
you and please don't
forget me
A. W. C. Cord*

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Calendar of Events

September 25—Weenie Roast. The first affair which brought all the girls together was the weenie roast given by the Y. W. C. A. A large bonfire was built on the hill behind the hut, and we all spent an enjoyable evening roasting weenies, toasting marshmallows, and eating apples. The Y. W. C. A. always helps to drive away those lonesome feelings that simply will steal over one on the first few days after leaving home.

October 5—The Kiwanians and Rotarians gave Sullins one enjoyable afternoon to remember, when they came up and took the entire school for a delightful ride through the mountains of Virginia. We visited the ancient town of Abingdon, where the girls of Martha Washington College served punch to us on their campus.

October 11—Recital by Madame Florence Hinkle.

October 16—Picnic. All the girls were up bright and early in the morning, waiting for trucks and taxis to carry them out to Island Park. The mountains, clothed in their glorious autumn shades, were enough to give each an inspiration. The morning was spent in boating, swimming, dancing and hiking. Everyone was perfectly willing to discontinue the sports about two o'clock and form a "bread line." The crowd returned to school in the late afternoon.

October 24-26—Lectures by Dr. Banks, on the Ancient World.

October 30—Hallowe'en Party. The juniors entertained the members of the student body and the faculty with a Hallowe'en party. The gym was the scene of the celebration, and was decorated with autumn leaves, corn stalks and pumpkins, so as to give the appearance of a barn.

There were numerous side shows, such as the fortune teller, the fat lady, the giant and midget, the tight-rope walker, and the hula-hula dancer, each appearing in an attractively decorated booth. The most interesting feature of the entertainment was the "Better Baby Contest." Each class entered three babies—the cutest, the prettiest and the ugliest. Dr. Martin and Mr. Carroll were the judges. Dancing was enjoyed during the evening, and one of our most successful social events came to a good end when apples, cider and old-fashioned kisses (candy ones, please!) were served from the booths.

November 5—Senior Reception. Dr. and Mrs. Martin complimented the seniors with a reception at the Y. W. C. A hut, which was beautifully decorated with potted flowers and ferns. All the seniors, dressed in their very best evening apparel of various hues, formed an attractive receiving line to welcome the young men of Bristol. After the social hour, a delicious salad course was served. Dancing was permitted, which was a pleasant surprise, and perfected the entertainment.

November 11—Armistice Day Parade.

November 12—Faculty Recital by Miss Ruth Zachery and Mr. Josef Martin.

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November 13—Armistice Dance. The Indiana-Illinois Club entertained the entire school with a dance in honor of Armistice Day. The gym was transformed into a lovely ball room by the use of flags, the club's banners, and ferns. Everyone was in joyful spirits and enjoyed dancing to the "peppy" music of the Virginia Four-Piece Orchestra. Punch was served during the evening. Serpentine and confetti added much to the merriment.

November 21—Recital by Mr. Herbert Jenny and Miss May Stanley.

November 23—Recital by Miss Catherine Bell and Miss May Stanley.

November 25—Thanksgiving.

December 3—Recital by Miss Brenda Macrae and Mr. Sam Trimmer.

December 16—Christmas Dinner and Dance. The day prior to our home-going for the holidays was celebrated at Sullins with a Christmas dinner. The dining room was most beautiful, the girls at each table vying with the others for the prize offered for the best decorated table. An old-fashioned Christmas dinner of turkey, cranberries, 'n'everything, was served. The latest song hits were rendered by the college orchestra during the entire meal, and everyone was in such high spirits that many were forced to keep time to the music by blowing horns and whistles. Between courses, each class sang a song especially written for the occasion. After dinner the crowd flocked to the gym and spent the remainder of the evening in dancing.

January 18—Episcopal tea.

February 5—Y. W. C. A. tea.

February 6—Party for Mrs. Moore's and Miss Erma Baldwin's family groups. Dr. and Mrs. Martin entertained in their rooms the members of Mrs. Moore's and Miss Erma Baldwin's family groups which were successful in the contest for higher grades. Refreshments were served after an evening of conversation and music.

February 10—Recital by the Letz Quartette.

February 12—Mardi Gras Ball. Dr. and Mrs. Martin entertained the entire school with a Mardi Gras ball. The dining-room was the scene of the affair: at one end was the throne upon which were seated the King and Queen (Lavinia Cloud and Helen Morris), and at the other end was the orchestra. The grand march was very effective, with each couple in a different "make-up." A prize was awarded to Daisy Lane and Blanche Wilbur for having the best costumes. Serpentine and confetti helped to make things lively. The dancing pupils of Miss Dozier gave a program between the dances, and ice cream and cake were served during an intermission.

Not until 12 o'clock did the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" toll the knell of a perfect evening.

February 14—"Jacks of Hearts" Minstrel. The affair was given for the benefit of the Armenian Relief Fund, and cleared about \$350.00 for that cause. The stage decorations were carried out in hearts, and the circle "men," in white

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suits trimmed with hearts, made quite a striking appearance. The end men were fine, and did not fail to perform their duty—keeping the audience roaring all the time. The entire minstrel showed much wit and talent, and the celebrities were a rare treat. Those taking part were:

Interlocutor		JACK STENNIS
End Men	{ Right	 JACK LANGFORD
	{ Left	 JACK HALTOM

CIRCLE

JACK WHITE	JACK SMEDES
JACK STEWART	JACK SIMPSON
JACK HAMILL	JACK ROGERS
JACK JOHNSON	JACK LEAR
JACK WILSON	JACK PUCKETT
JACK WEBB	JACK JONES

The girls were invited by the appreciative Rotarians in the audience, to repeat their performance at a banquet at the Y. M. C. A. on March 1. The invitation was accepted, and another success was scored.

February 17—Tea for Dr. Vincent. In her attractive class room, Miss Blackwell entertained the ladies of the faculty at a tea in honor of Dr. Vincent.

February 15-23—Lectures by Dr. Vincent on Makers of American Literature and the Development of the English Novel.

March 2—Texas Day. The many Texas girls in Sullins took charge of chapel and gave a lively program, concluding with a request to Dr. Martin that school be dismissed for the day. The request was granted amid great applause.

March 5—Texas Club Dance. The Texas Club entertained the entire school with a dance in the gym. Music was furnished by the well-known V. P. I. orchestra. Half of the girls were requested to dress as boys, so the affair would not seem quite so man-less.

March 6—The V. P. I. Orchestra were the guests of the Texas Club at Sunday dinner.

March 9—Talk on "Personality" by Mr. Harry C. Spillman, who is associated with the Remington Typewriter Company.

March 10—Student Recital.

March 11—Student Recital.

March 15—Tea in the Art Studio.

March 17—Faculty Tea. The Seniors entertained the Faculty and members of the College Household at a delightful tea in the "Y" hut. St. Patrick's Day colors (also Senior colors) were carried out in the decorations and in the refreshments. The following program was a feature of the afternoon entertainment:

Vocal Solo—Helen Post.

Reading—Margaret Owen.

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Piano solo—Margaret Morrow.

Dance—Charline Edwards.

Vocal solo—Marilee Lear.

April 16—Vaudeville show, starring Josef Martin, interpretative dancer.

April 28—Tea for Annual Staff in Mrs. Martin's apartments.

April 30—May Day.

May 2—Annual Dance.

May 4—Formal Reception for the Officers of the College, given by the Senior Class in Domestic Science.

May 5—Junior Dutch Supper for the Seniors.

May 7—Field Day.

May 14—Debate.

May 17—Fashion Show.

May 19—Graduation Recital by Nina Corbett and Dewene Flynt.

May 20—Art Department Reception—Play—"the Chinese Lantern."

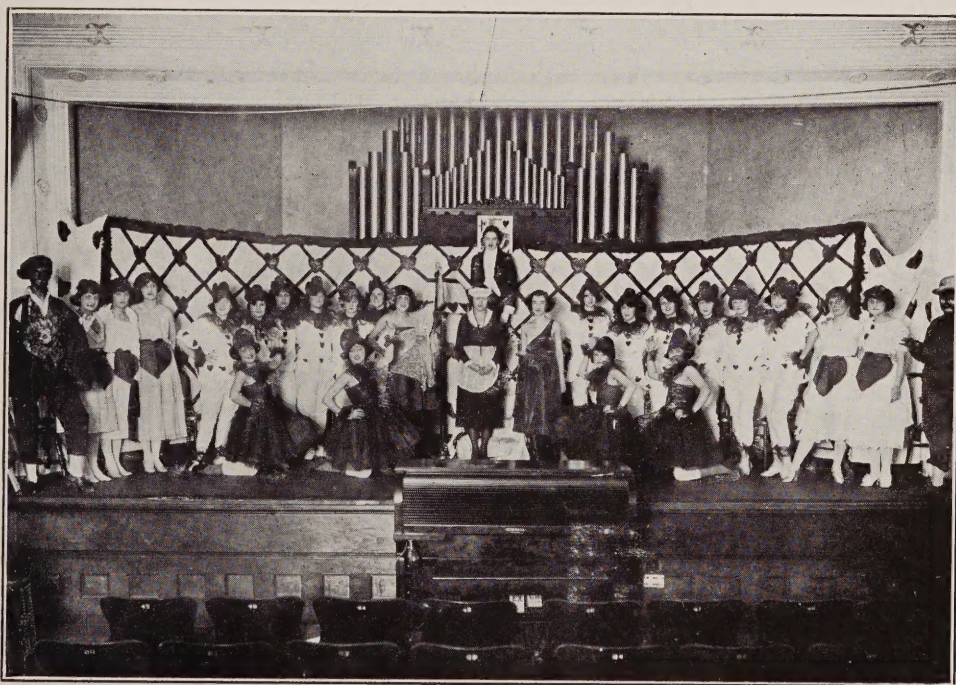
May 21—Annual Concert.

May 22—Baccalaureate Sermon and Y. W. C. A. Vesper Service.

May 25—Senior Dance.

May 26—Senior Picnic Breakfast—Class Night.

May 27—Commencement and Reception.



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The Mardi Gras, March 12, 1921.



M. Reynolds

THE 1921

CRYSTAL BALL



THE 1921 CRYSTAL BALL



ANNIE KING
MAY QUEEN

THE 1921 CRYSTAL BALL



Junior Basket-Ball Team

LOUISE EXLINE	}	 Guards
GRACE ROGERS		
VIVIAN BRUNNER	}	 Forwards
EVELYN SKILLERN		
ROLINE TEASLEY	}	 Centers
ELIZABETH SMEDES		
LORE HIRSCHFELD	}	 Substitutes
KATHERINE WEBSTER		



Varsity Basket-Ball Team

GRACE ROGERS..... } *Guards*
 LOUISE EXLINE..... }

KATHERINE LUNA..... } *Forwards*
 MARTHA STERCHI..... }

ESTELLE GARNER..... } *Centers*
 VERA THOMASON..... }





Varsity Basket-Ball Team



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KATHERINE LUNA, Captain "Kat," *Forward*

Kat established her reputation in basket-ball last year and she has certainly lived up to it and even surpassed it this year. As captain she has displayed the same leadership that she does in other college activities. Her opponents all learned that when the ball went to Kat under that goal, Sullins had scored again.

MARTHA STERCHI, "Mart," *Forward*

Always there with her pep! Altho she is small, she has yet to find a guard that can stop her. While this is her first year on Varsity she has as many goals to her credit as most forwards have at the end of several years.

VERNA THOMASON, "Old Reliable," *Jumping Center*

Verna has the advantage of being physically perfect for her position. All she needs to do is to straighten up and she can reach higher than others can jump. She could throw a goal from center circle, but that would hardly be fair to the other members, so she is content to give the ball to the forwards and let them pitch the goals.

ESTELLE GARNER, "Stell," *Running Center*

Stell specializes in signals and speed. In fact she is the fastest running center in the South. Our advice to opponents of hers is to stay out of her way and not uselessly waste all their energy in an attempt to keep up with her. It can't be done.

GRACE ROGERS, "Texas," *Guard*

Full of energy, dash, and the desire to win, Grace made a guard that every opponent feared. Knowing her as we do, we never felt uneasy about the ball's going to the opponent's end of the court, for we knew Grace would soon send it back where it belonged.

LOUISE EXLINE, "Ex," *Guard*

Ever-ready and always there, Ex added strength to an already strong team. We can't blame the Radford girls for wanting her out of the game, for they recognized her ability. For two years she has held her place on Varsity and we hope that she will see fit to do the same next year.

VIVIAN BRUNNER, "Bill," *Sub Forward*

So strong was our team that only once was Bill allowed the pleasure of substituting. Altho a sub-forward, she can run center to perfection. Her speed and talent for goal-pitching helped the Juniors in carrying away the class cup.

ELIZABETH MUNROE, "Betty" or "Mother," *Sub. Guard*

Betty was not called on to show her ability in any of the games, but those of us who saw her at practice know that she could easily have filled her place, had she been needed. She was always in demand, on the trips, to care for the "younger" members of the team.

Athletic Notes



EVERY year a Silver Loving Cup is presented to the class which is successful in winning the greatest number of games in the Inter-class Basket-Ball Tournament. For years the Juniors have held this cup. Last year they were robbed of their treasure by the College Specials, but this year they again walked away with the honors. Besides winning the cup, the Juniors presented us with four well-trained players for Varsity.

Altho our Varsity has not played an immense number of games, she has won her laurels in those which she did play. Her victories were praiseworthy because of her clean, honest method of playing. Altho from the beginning we were confident of her success, the games never lost their zest. Our team was wonderfully balanced. We had the spectacular playing by Mart backed by the steady work of Kat, add to this the co-operation of the centers and guards and we have a team that works together as perfectly as a machine. No one member can be called "the Star Player." We had an "All-Star Team."

This year the Athletic Association has put it over all preceding years. Besides the swimming pool, cement tennis courts, and fine riding horses, the Association has bought a hut for the enjoyment of the girls. Located on the beautiful Holston River about ten miles from Bristol, it affords a wonderful opportunity for the week-end parties to forget the monotonous existence of school life.

Like the old negro, we have saved the best till last—that is Miss Haile. She has made our team, she has led the whole bunch in school spirit, she has won our hearts. What more can we say?



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THE 1921 CRYSTAL BALL



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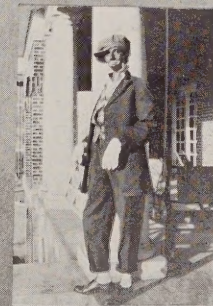
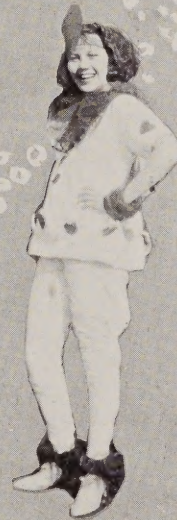
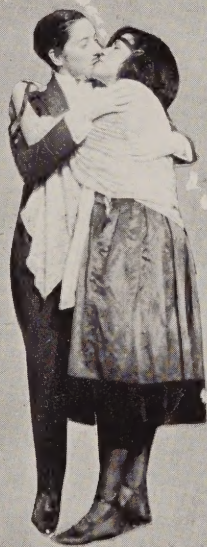
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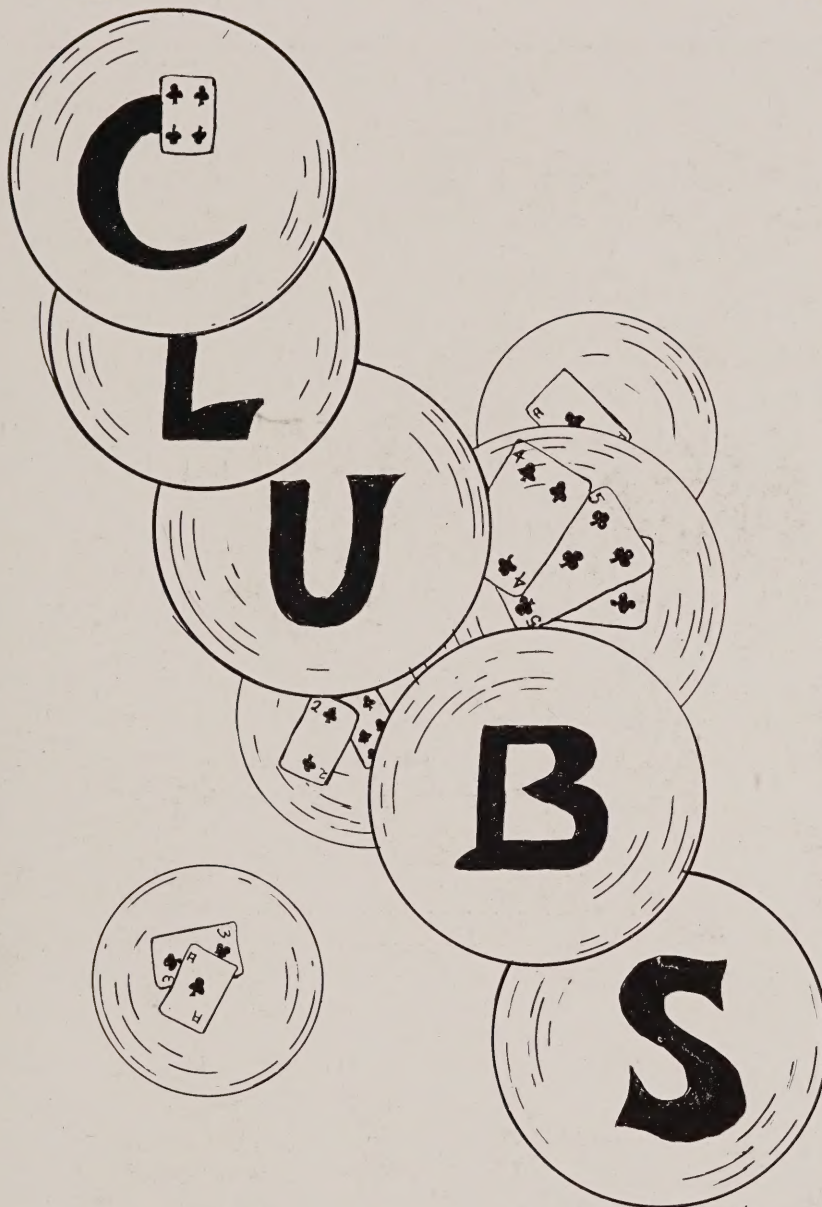
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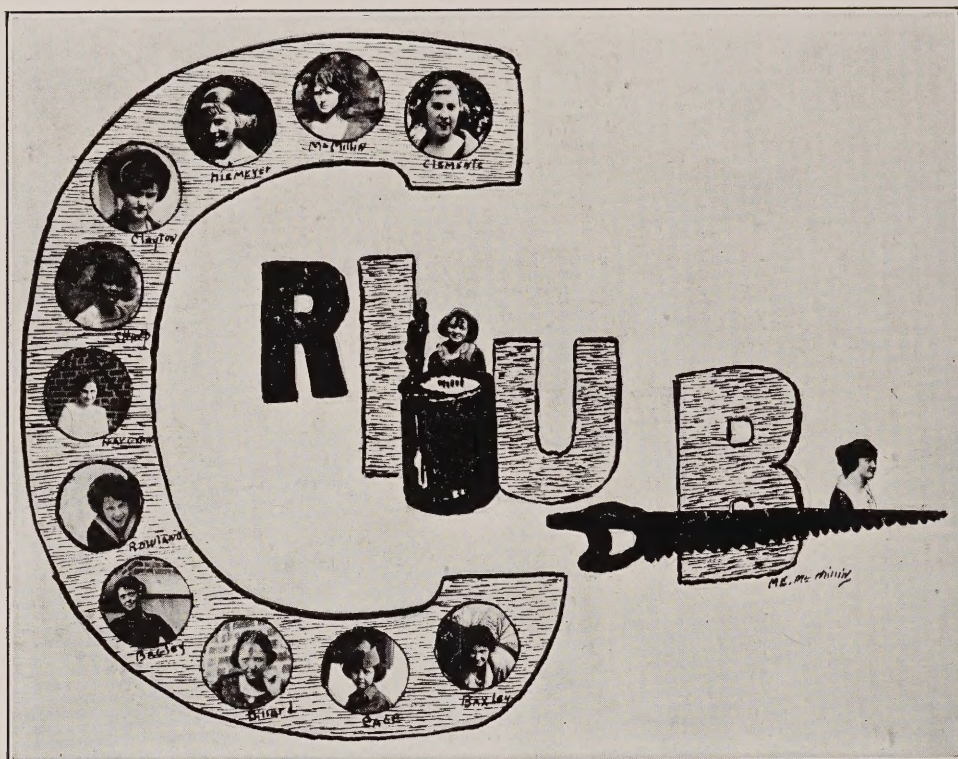
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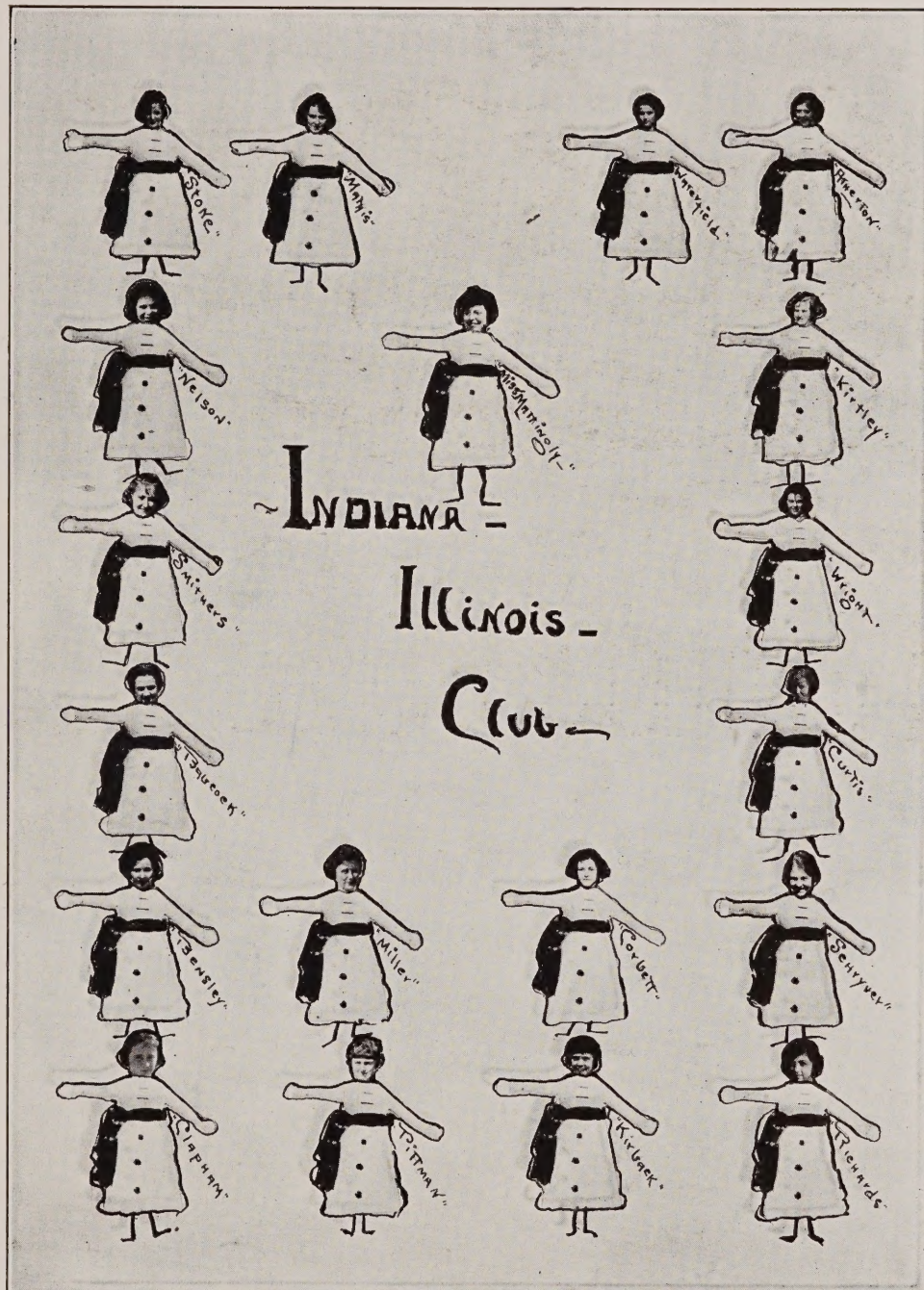
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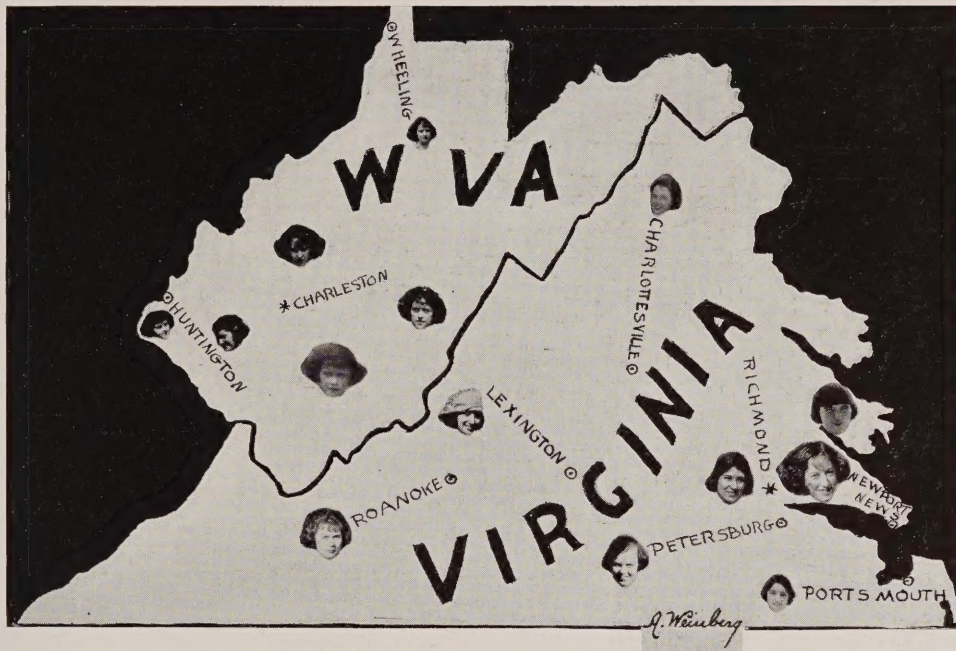
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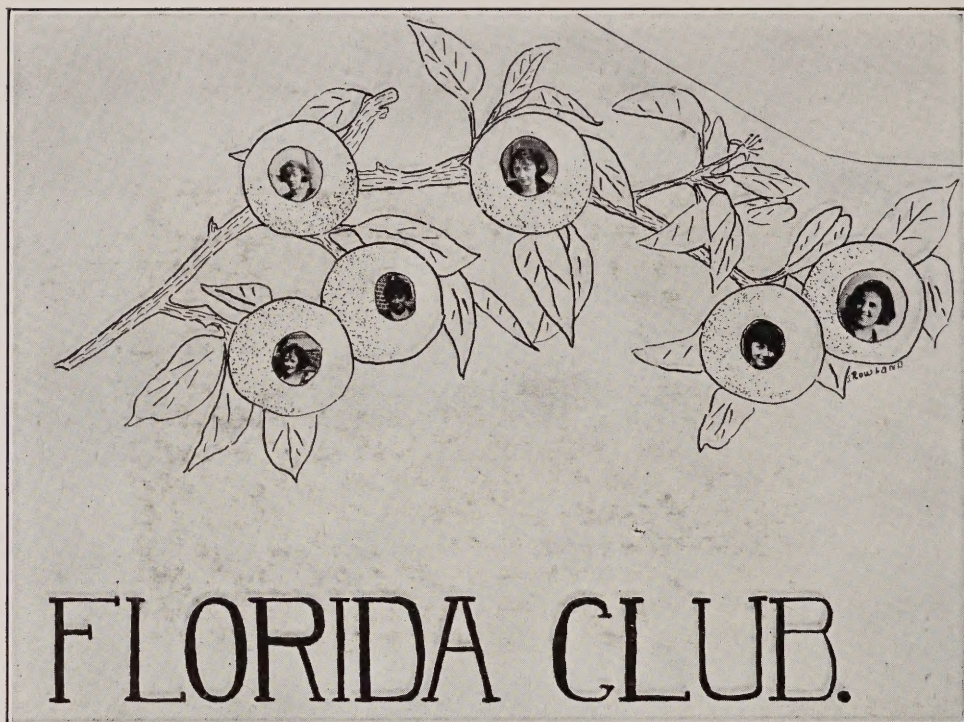
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“Where the Moon Shines on the Moonshine”

Being the extracts from the diary of a slightly more sophisticated Daisy Ashford, now a summer resident of Big Creek, Tennessee.



OTHER'S always getting after me for hanging around the Post Office and talking to Mike Morrel. She says it isn't becoming in a girl thirteen years old to sit on the counter in Mr. Morrell's store, listening to the mountaineers. But whenever Egg wants anything at the store, I just stumble over myself to get to go for it. ¶Egg's real name is Eglamore. She is a "mountain white," and eats at the table with us whenever there isn't company. That was the condition Mom hired—I mean, that was the condition under which she came to stay with us. But I'd even give her my evening dress (Sis says it's only a *party dress*) just so she'll stay and do the dishes. Bunny and Bob and I call her Egg and it doesn't make her mad.

Bunny's fifteen, and Bob's twenty-five and hasn't been out of University of Virginia very long. You see he was in the army for two years and then came back and finished. Makes me tired to hear the girls rave about him. I don't think he's so marvelous. Too particular about his white shoes. But I should worry, I get ten cents every time I clean 'em!

This morning Sis wanted a Sterno from the store to heat her curling irons on, so she would make a hit with Mr. Everett Montague, at the dance at the Pavillion tonight. Some folks say he is distinguished looking but I can't hand

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him much. And then when men-folks come out to see us, like Uncle Bill, or some of Dad's friends or Bob's frat brothers or any member of Bunny's Scout troop, I have to give up my bed on the sleeping porch, and crowd in the porch swing with Bop. When he was a little pup it was alright, but he takes up so much room now, and kisses me good morning to wake me up. It's awful agervating. I do wish Monty would stay away.

Sis always raises a row about me before Dad—an' you know Dad!—he can't stand family quarrels. He says ours is the only family he ever saw that fusses so often, but then he isn't a member of any other so of course he can't really tell.

Well, I had hung around the cottage waiting for a good excuse to go across the river to the post office all morning. I was dying to see if another letter was in the Box 13-13, Moccasin Tom's old box. So when Sis wanted that Sterno I just flew down the path and got as far as the swinging bridge before Mom knew I had gone. The mail train was almost due and I wanted to see who was coming out for the week-end besides Mr. Montague. And sure enough somebody else *did* come. I was standing on a keg of nails looking into the haunted box (Moccasin Tom's) when the person who has rented it came in and claimed the six letters. I was all excited because nobody had used that box since Moccasin Tom got a letter out of Box 13-13 once that stated in black and white that the next time he came up Beaver's Gap he would be shot down in his tracks. Of course Tom went up the Gap hunting for Ham Booher, the man who wrote the letter. We knew that there had been a mountain fued between the Emmetts and Booher's a long time, but we didn't know that was the reason all the mountaineers packed guns. And last year, when Ham got Moccasin Tom, it stopt everything at the colony. The shooting was something awful. Everybody caught the first train back to town, all because of that killing.

Well, as I was saying, Monty came in and nearly pushed me off the barrel, in his hurry to speak to the lady who asked for her mail "from box 13-13, please Mr. Morrell." He called her "Happy." I nearly lost my breath. She had the most wonderful black eyes and blue-black hair, what I could see of it from under her brown straw hat. She had on a brown linen dress, with a cardinal flower at her belt.

Monty and Sis laughed, later, when I said she reminded me of a Jersey cow, but Bob didn't like it and stalked away with his reel and fishing tackle without even asking, "Want to come along, Pud?" like he usually does. He needn't have gotten mad. I think Jersey cows are dear, and so is Happy! Monty says he met her last winter in Florida and that she and her Aunt Julia came up to Holston for the air. I didn't know Florida didn't have air before, did you? That reminds me, she's an airess and her Aunt Julia is coming out on the Short Train tomorrow, after Hap gets the old Freeder cottage fixed up.

We passed by a flat car on the siding that was piled high with boxes and bundles of gay-covered pillows and Bag-dad couch covers. I do hope she has

wicker chairs and a yellow tea-set. I think a yellow china tea-set is the height of luxury, that and a marcell wave—permanently.

Mom suggested that we take her with us when we go swimming this afternoon. Monty thought it a fine idea but Sis wasn't so keen for it, tho she pretended to be. Sis can fool all the family but me.

I hope Fred tries to teach me to float again today. He did yesterday and the day before and the day before. Fred is Bunny's pal. And his folks are good friends of the family. So of course I have to be polite to him.

* * * * *

Well, it's been the most romantic week! I didn't have a bid to the dance Saturday night at the pavilion, so I went over with the crowd. Sis says my day is coming, but I am getting awful tired waiting. The night was wonderful. I have never seen the moon so brilliant, the mountains so smoky and blue, the river so rippling. It was lots of fun to sit on the railing and watch the old simps fall in love! Happy looked perfectly stunning. Bob certainly has it bad. He gave her the wildest rush, all the boys did, for that matter. I heard them talking by the railing over-looking the water. I had no idea Bob could make such love!!! I knew Happy must be just dying to wear his frat pin—anybody would be—it's a beaut!

They have been together every day this week. Aunt Julia is the dearest thing. She and Hap are the best sports in the world! She and Mother are close friends now and play bridge together lots. Mom gave a luncheon on the porch the other day, in her honor. Sis entertained *her* crowd at the same time, to have them meet Hap. They kept Bunny and me busy all morning, making little birch-bark canoes for the favors. We had more good things to eat. Oh, gee! we sure did stuff when the folks had gone, Bunny and me. I don't see any sense in leaving things on the plate, just for manners. But we wouldn't have gotten half as much to eat if they hadn't.

* * * * *

I am getting kinder uneasy about Happy. Everyday she gets one of those big fat letters and goes off for a long walk by herself. I heard Bob tell her it wasn't safe but she just laughed. I've been wondering if she's in love with somebody else. He will be awful mad if he finds out she's stringing him. Bob's temper is something fierce! But I'm most sure she loves him and has a permanent wave. I'm dying to ask her. So's Bob.

* * * * *

Two weeks ago today Happy was kidnapped. Two weeks from tomorrow I was! The last day I wrote in here was the day Happy took another long walk.

Mom came in just then and I had to hide this under the mattress. I'm supposed to be "completely relaxed," so Dr. Wilmer says.

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Well, Happy got her letter and disappeared round the bend up Shadow Trail. But as Bob seemed willing to let her go alone, I decided to do likewise. So I went over to the bunch of girls he was talking to, and asked him for six cents (\$.06) to buy an ice-cream cone. He raised a big fuss later, and scolded me good for "embarrassing him before a group of ladies." I thought it would give him a chance to show them how generous he was. I didn't know he had on his other pants. I noticed that the girls weren't nearly so interested in standing around after they heard him explain it to me.

About eight o'clock one of the little Staley boys came over and told Sis to send Happy home, that Aunt Julia didn't like to stay at the cottage alone after dark. That made us uneasy as both Bob and I had seen her leave for Shadow Trail. We pretended not to feel anxious about her while going from cottage to cottage, asking if anybody had seen her. Nobody had, so we took Mother and the lavender salts bottle over to Aunt Julia's.

Monty went to notify the Sheriff and get together a volunteer scouting party. Bob and Jim Templeton and Sheriff Shry took the Trail. Monty and the Sevier boys took the creek path and Dad and about twenty others went up Bear Mountain way and separated at the Gap.

All night long we could hear the men calling and shooting. Pore Aunt Julia cried, until I almost did. So I crept out on the porch and sat on the steps with my knees up to my chin and my sweater pulled down over them. The night air was chilly and I remembered Hap's plaid skirt and tan sweater. She was not cold at any rate.

I must have been dozing off when I heard a twig snap, like when somebody steps on it. I was scared to death, sitting there in the shadows. I couldn't holler an' I couldn't run. All I could do was just sit still—I sat.

In a minute Egg came tiptoeing up the path. "What the Tom Thumb you doing out this time o' night?" I whispered when she reached the foot of the steps. She jumped like she was shot, and said, "'at she an' Clemson (that's her beau) had been fussin' an' she specks she better git her duds and crawl back to the hills. Pap would be glad to hear whut she had to tell 'im." She sure was excited so I asked her all about it. Then she told me that Clemson was "sellin' moon-shine liquor to some of the young bloods of the colony. That he was in cahoots with Finn Minton and his dirty bunch. Somebody had notified the federal officers about the liquor sellin' an' Clem had gotten word that they were on the way to Holston. If she would go back to the hills with him he would sell out and buy a few acres and build a cabin. But that he wouldn't stop them stills o' hisn till they had been hitched by the Parson."

I felt awful sorry for Egg. She was so worried over what to do, she asked me to row her across the river early in the morning, so I could "fetch the boat back." She was afraid to see Clem again. I told her I'd row her across if she would tell me where Clem's stills were. I had never seen one tho the boys talk about them

lots. We talked till daylight and she cooked breakfast for us, at Aunt Julia's, since all our men folks were away.

Then we went down toward the spring, like we were after water, but came out at the bank where she had tied her boat the night before. I made her tell me where four stills were, while we were rowing across, and decided to see at least one before going home.

After Egg left me, I rowed up to Cox's Bluff, tied the boat and scaled the cliff to the path which Hap had taken. The dew was thick and the blackberries were cool and fresh. I ate a few and kept a sharp eye on the lookout for the little hole in the cliff. Egg said it was only a mile, but I must have walked three before I came to it. I put my hand in first to see what it was like, but nothing happened. Then I dropped a rock in and a gourd was pushed out right in my face. I couldn't see what or who had the other end, so I took it.

I had an awful time deciding which to do, speak or drink. I knew if I spoak I'd be in danger, so I drank. Just a teeny-weeny little sip at first. It *was* good. I handed the gourd back but as nothing happened, I dropped in another rock, and out it came again, dripping full. The sun made me feel hot, so I thought I might as well try another before leaving. I drank that gourd full and then it struck me funny. That old hole, full of moon-shine! I sat down and laughed. I can't see anything so terribly funny about it now, but I seemed so then. I remember laughing at my hands and taking off my shoes and seeing Clem crowding out of the hole, and how I laughed at him.

Then I don't remember anything more until Happy spoke to me and gave me some nice cool water and bathed my head. We were in a one-room log shanty, the dirtiest place I've ever seen, with a pile of sacks in one corner for a bed and 2 tree stumps for chairs. I sat up and started to ask where we were when she put her finger over my mouth and pointed to the door.

There sat Ham Booher with his rifle leaning against his nee. I almost dropt dead when I saw Clem talking to Finn Minton, who was leaning against a tree with 1 foot cocked up, smoking.

We talked in a whisper and she tried to keep me from getting scared, by telling how funny it felt to be gagged and that Ham wasn't going to do anything to us, like scalping nor nothing. But they must have tied her cause her wrists were all raw where the rope had cut. She was telling me how she was drawing a map of some of the mountain paths when Ham stept out from the bushes along the side of the Trail and told her to "hand over them papers." I asked her what she was doing, "Huntin' stills?"

It was then she broke it to me gently (?) that she was attacht to the Government Secret Service, in rounding up stills and moonshiners. I told her about Egg's busting up with Clem and his four stills. She already new about two of them but was glad to hear about the others.

I was awful cold. Ham came in and told us to come outside. He made a fire and we sat down and watched the sun sink behind the mountain. I couldn't keep the tears back. I wanted to see Mom and Bunny and Sis and Dad and Bob. I got to thinking how worried they must be about me, and Fred, too. If I ever got back, I thought how sweet everybody would be and Mom would surely give me a big party with orchestra music to dance by, and not just the victrolle. I was awful sorry for myself. I felt tears roll down my cheeks and splash on my hands.

I was ashamed to look at Happy and afraid to look at Ham. So I just sat there and watched a pine cone burn to white ashes and yet keep its shape until Ham spit his tobacco cud (or quid, or whatever it is) on it, and it went to pieces like dust. Then he began to talk.

He asked Hap, "Do you know who's been puttin' their tongue in on our business?" "Yes, I do," she answered as quick as a flash. His eyebrows met when he frowned at her. "Who?" he hissed between his teeth.

I couldn't stand it any longer so I ran to Happy and begged her not tell him. He didn't know she was the one who had told the Officials in Washington to send down men to help round 'em up. "Don't tell, Happy. Oh! please don't tell!"

"Git outten th' way, you lil Hell-cat!" he roared at me and slapped me a-winding, bout ten feet. I fell against a sharp stone and cut this place in my head. Dr. Wilmer took seven stitches in it and shaved my hair away. Bunny says it looks like a cracked nut-shell, and it feels as big as a mountain.

I must have cried when Ham slapt me. I heard Happy call him something awful and then shoot. I saw the steel flash in the fire light, and Ham let out a wild whoop. Things got to rocking around and I heard other voices and more shots.

There must have been lots of excitement but of course I had to miss it. I couldn't keep my thoughts from sorter drifting away and forgetting where they were drifting. I would have given these new pink bed-room slippers to have seen Sheriff Shry jump on Ham and "beat him up." And Jim Templeton gets Bob all fussed now by running up to a tree, throwing his arms around it and crying in a love-sick tone, "Happy, my darling little Happy, you shall never leave my sight again."

Fred says for me to "stop writing in that old dairy and talk to him." He calls me "*some* little brick." (Hard Guy!)

But I just gotta tell how surprised we all were when Egg came back yesterday, carrying her shoes and coat. She had walked 7 miles since sun up. Clem has skipped the country. Got away from the Federal Officers at the station and left on another train. Egg told me he was going to Canada and wrote her to follow. She said "she wuz a-goin' to her man and git hitched by the Parson, lak he said."

Happy turned in the last of her reports on the moon-shiners, and they captured Finn Minton's chain of stills, besides those 4 of Clem's that I told them about.

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Bob says she will *have* to sign one more legal document and that is a marriage license. I'd think they'd be embarrassed to hold hands at the table, but they don't a bit more mind! Talking 'bout Sis and Monty being crazy. Huh, they're real sensible compared to Bob and Happy.

But I know something on them! I saw Monty kiss Sis on the front poarch last night. And if they don't promise to take me to town and get me a marcel wave, I'm going to tell it! I'm a-gonna tell it!

Dad chews his cigar and rears back on the hind legs of his chair and brags about "getting a lot of this undesirable element cleared out of Holston." He'd better look after his moon-struck family instead of moonshine or liquor-sellers.

They never saw Fred kiss me, I bet! (We're pretty careful that none of 'em are around!)

—Dixie Byars.



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STYKOL

One night as Mr. Inside and Mrs. Inside were sitting inside by the fireside, Mr. Outside went outside and started down the roadside to go to the doorside of Mr. Inside to see Mr. Inside. Mr. Outside knocked at the doorside of Mr. Inside. Mrs. Inside rose from the fireside and went to the doorside. Mr. Outside said to Mrs. Inside: "Is Mr. Inside inside?" Mrs. Inside said to Mr. Outside, "Mr. Outside, Mr. Inside is inside sitting by the fireside, will Mr. Outside come inside to the fireside to see Mr. Inside, who is sitting by the fireside?" Mr. Outside said, "No, Mrs. Inside, Mr. Outside will not go inside to see Mr. Inside, who is sitting inside by the fireside. Tell Mr. Inside that Mr. Outside is outside by the doorside waiting for Mr. Inside to come outside." So Mrs. Inside went inside the doorside and told Mr. Inside that Mr. Outside was outside by the doorside waiting to see Mr. Inside. So Mr. Inside rose from the fireside and went outside the doorside to see Mr. Outside. Mr. Outside said to Mr. Inside, "How do you do, Mr. Inside?" Mr. Inside said to Mr. Outside, "Greetings from Mr. Inside to Mr. Outside." Mr. Inside and Mr. Outside then left the doorside and walked down the roadside to the riverside where they both committed suicide.

MARY BOYKEN (to Mildred S. who has just lost her equilibrium)—"Have a fall?"

MILDRED S.—"No thanks, just had one."

LORE—"Do you really think betting is wrong?"

DOT—"Well, whenever I bet it is."

MR. CARROLL (in psych. class)—"Do you know that colored babies an hold on to a rod longer than white babies?"

PETER RABBIT—"More monkey, more monkey."

MILDRED KETRON—"Lucile, is there anything in the annual about me?"

LUCILE—"I don't know Mildred, the jokes haven't been turned in yet."

MARY HOYT—"When does Easter come?"

EMMA CARR—"The 27th of March."

MARY—"Well, I know, but what day?"

JEWEL WEBB—"Why are they cutting that tree down?"

MRS. MARTIN—"When anything is dead in the top, we remove it from Sul-lins."

MR. CARROLL—"Only fools are sure; wise men hesitate."

ESTHER HALTOM—"Are you sure?"

MR. CARROLL—"Yes, quite certain."

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LUCILE A—"When is March third and fourth?"

LOUISE P—"Tomorrow and yesterday."

BILLIE SIMIS, while playing Mendelssohn's Concerto, was interrupted by a message from Miss Bates asking her to please stop playing that ragtime.

LUCILE ATHERTON—"Why can't one drink milk and eat fish too?"

ANNA LAURA—"Because fish swim in water."

MISS DOZIER—"Where is Brenau?"

MARILEE LEAR—"In Gainesville, Ga."

MISS DOZIER—"Oh, that's where the University of Florida is, isn't it?"

MARY BURWELL—"My rich old Bachelor uncle died without ever deciding whom to leave his money to."

LIZ JOHNSON—"Why didn't he leave it to his children?"

Heard in Lynn-Kaylor's Grocery—"I want some cucumber cream, please."

"You will find that at a drug store, madam."

"At a drug store—cucumber? Why, I thought they would keep cucumber cream in a grocery."

LUCILE RICHARDS—"Wouldn't it be exciting if we were to have a strike here?"

HELEN MUMMERT—"Yes, but it would be a home run."

Wanted—One Megaphone. Owing to my weak voice, I am unable to make myself heard.—ANNE JERNIGAN.

We came to Sullins for a change and a rest.

Dr. Martin got the change, the Y. W. got the rest.

RUTH GREEN—"I have a new niece."

GRACE DILLON—"Is it a boy or a girl?"

Wanted: An excuse to go to the infirmary by DOT KAHLE, ESTHER HALTOM and LOUISE EXLINE.

BETTY MONROE—"I received a written invitation today. It was printed."

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At the telephone—"Is this 123?"

"No."

"Then, why did you answer?"

TOMMY RIDGELL, on entering the library, asked Miss JOHNSON, "Have you got the progress of Pilgrim's Bunions?"

MISS HAILE—"Give me one cause of indigestion."

LOUISE PITTMAN—"Overstudy."

LUCILE—"Bill is an Atheist."

DIXIE—"Is that a good fraternity?"

JANIE M.—"Say, Wilma?"

WILMA—"What?"

JANIE—"If I plant pussy willows can I grow cat tails?"

MARGARET HAIGLER (in sociology class)—"Miss Gish, do you think there is a place for punishment after death?"

MISS GISH—"Now, Margaret, we will come to that later."

BESS COLLINS—"I flunked that Quizz flat."

MILDRED S.—"What was the matter?"

BESS—"I had vaseline on my hair and the answers left my mind."

DELL—"What's the matter with your arm?"

TEIL—"I fell out of the bath tub and sprained it."

DELL—"Well, we all are apt to meet with accidents on unfamiliar grounds."

FRANK—"You surely are a good dancer."

GRACE R.—"Thank you, I'm sorry I can't return the compliment."

FRANK—"You could if you were as big a liar as I am."

MISS COWAN—"How are your examinations?"

MISS GONARD—"A complete success. Everybody flunked."

"EX"—"Well, Esther what made you fall for him?"

HALTOM—"His line was just low enough to trip me."

MISS SUTHERLIN—"What do you mean by speaking of Bill Shakespeare, Jimmy Riley, Jack Whittier, and Bob Burns?"

REBA SAMUELS—"You told me to get familiar with the Authors."

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FRANCES BABCOCK—"This selection has no author."

MISS MATTINGLY—"Look again, someone must have written it."

FRANCES—"Oh, yes, I didn't see it. The author's name is Anonymous."

LAVINIA CLOUD—"Where do you get that stuff? Who learned you it?"

URSULA CAREY—"I was taught it."

LAVINIA—"Taught it? Who learned you to talk that way?"

MISS HAILE (in Personal Hygiene class)—"I saw in the paper where a little boy fell off a wagon and hurt himself somewhere in Illinois."

"Ex"—"Have you swept the room?"

FANNY—"No."

"Ex"—"No, what?"

FANNY—"No broom."

SLAUGHTER (accidentally touching Mary's hand)—"Why, your hands are cold."

MARY—"It's not my fault."

If G.D. P.S.K.'d—P.S.-with a D.M., would our S.T.V. be an E.ME. or a C. C.????

ETHEL HAMILL—"Do you think I will ever be able to do anything with my voice?"

JERRY—"Might come in handy in case of fire."

EVOLUTION OF DANCING AT SULLINS

Indian Dance	MILDRED KETRON
Barn Dance	WILMA KAIL
Virginia Reel	MARY CHEAPE
Waltz	MISS GONARD
Two-Step	JANIE MIXON
Turkey Trot	ANN JERNIGAN
One-Step	CORITA DAVIS
Fox Trot	JEWEL WEBB
Hesitation	HELEN STERCHI
Tickle Toe	MATTIE HATCHER
The Shimmie	MARY BOYKIN
The Camel Walk	THELMA HARSHBARGER
The Toddle	STUDENT BODY

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IRMA MILLER—"Did your watch stop when it fell on the floor?"

ETHEL WILD—"Of course, did you think it went all the way through?"

CORITA D.—"Grace, does Mayme dance badly?"

GRACE R.—"Yes, if the chaperons aren't looking."

FACULTY STATISTICS

Prettiest.....	MISS JOHNSON
Sweetest.....	MRS. SHARPE
Cutest.....	MISS BLACKWELL
Best Sport.....	MR. TRIMMER
Most Popular.....	MISS BATES
Best Dancer.....	MISS GISH
Most Athletic.....	MR. JOSEF MARTIN
Most Talented.....	MISS "TIM"
Most Competent.....	MR. HARRY
Biggest Baby.....	MISS GONARD
Biggest Bluff.....	DR. MARTIN
Most Dignified.....	MISS ZACHERY
Most Indifferent.....	MISS HAILE
Typical Sullins Girl.....	MISS MCGAVOCK
Most Original.....	MR. CARROLL
Most Attractive.....	MISS HARTMAN
Most Studious.....	MISS DOZIER
Biggest Flirt.....	MISS PEARL BALDWIN
Most Extreme.....	MISS HAMILTON
Best All Around.....	MRS. GRIZZARD



Enrollment 1920-21

- ACKERMAN, DOROTHY, 14 Kinsey Ave., Kenmore, N. Y.
 ALEXANDER, MAMIE, Lubbock, Texas.
 ALSTON, VIRGINIA, Henning, Texas.
 ANDREWS, LORA, 406 N. Ash St., Pauls Valley, Okla.
 ANDA, CARMEN, La Pas, Bolivia, South America.
 ANDREWS, LATINA, La Pas, Bolivia, South America.
 ANDREWS, VIRGINIA, Smithfield, Va.
 ATCHLEY, ANNA, Sevierville, Tenn.
 ATHERTON, LUCILE, 215 W. Fourth St., Anderson, Ind.
 AGOSTINI, RITA, Havana, Cuba.
- BABCOCK, FRANCES, Moline, Ill.
 BAKER, ELIZABETH, Richmond, Texas.
 BARFIELD, EMILY, 550 College St., Macon, Ga.
 BARFIELD, MARY, Henning, Texas.
 BASSETT, MARGARET, 610 N. 7th St., Temple, Texas.
 BAXLEY, LORA MAY, 1316 College Ave., Little Rock, Ark.
 BAGLEY, CORNELIA, Little Rock, Ark.
 BEATTY, LEAFRANCES, 10 Mantell Park, Lexington, Ky.
 BEL, DELLA, 527 Mill St., Lake Charles, La.
 BERRY, RUTH, Park Hill, Huntington, W. Va.
 BENSLEY, FRANCES, Downers Grove, Ill.
 BICKLEY, MARGARET, 224 Wood Ave., Florence, Ala.
 BIRDSONG, IRENE, Richmond, Miss.
 BLACK, BEATRICE, Hinsdale, Ill.
 BLAIR, MARION, 629 Hardin Ave., Jacksonville, Ill.
 BOZEMAN, VIRGINIA, Wales, Miss.
 BOWERS, JULIA, 4323 Cliff Road, Birmingham, Ala.
 BOYKIN, MARY, 909 Alabama St., Houston, Texas.
 BRUNNER, VIVIAN, Lancaster, Tex.
 BURWELL, MARY, Warrenton, N. C.
 BYARS, VIRGINIA, 6 E. Franklin St., Richmond, Va.
 BOURLAND, VIRGINIA, Dallas, Texas.
- CARR, EMMA CHILTON, Cynthiana, Ky.
 CAREY, URSULA, Pittsburg, Pa.
 CHEAPE, MARY, Charlottesville, Va.
 CHRISTENSEN, HELEN, Duluth, Minn.
 CLAPHAM, ELIZABETH, Columbus City, Ind.
- CLAYTON, RUTH, Mountain Home, Ark.
 CLEMENTS, GEORGIA, 1522 Gaines St., Little Rock, Ark.
 CLEVINGER, MARGARET, 17 S. Stenton Place, Atlantic City, New Jersey.
 CLOUD, LAVINIA, 6 Montpelier Ave., Atlantic City, New Jersey.
 COKER, ELIZABETH, 568 W. Peachtree St., Macon, Ga.
 COLLINS, BESS, Channing, Texas.
 COPE, MARGARET, Onley, Virginia.
 CLARKE, BESSIE, 394 William St., River Forest, Ill.
 CALDWELL, CAROLYN, Midland, Texas.
 COPPOCK, LISBETH, Campbellsville, Ky.
 CORBETT, NINA, 302 Prospect, Alton, Ill.
 CORBIN, ELIZABETH, Freemont, N. C.
 COTTINGHAM, LELLA, 703 S. 5th St., Gadsden, Ala.
 CRAWFORD, LUCILE, Boyle, Mississippi.
 CRAWFORD, LAVINIA, Charleston, W. Va.
 CRAWFORD, NANCY, Charleston, W. Va.
 CULBERHOUSE, FLOSSIE, Jonesboro, Ark.
 CURTIS, HELEN, 1655 N. 38th St., East St. Louis, Ill.
 COLLAZO, ELSA DE. PADEO 226, Havana, Cuba.
- DARBY, VELMA, 521 E. Tuscaloosa, Florence, Ala.
 DILLON, GRACE, Camp Humphreys, Va.
 DAVIS, CORITA, 1110 W. San Antonio St., San Marcos, Texas.
 DAVIS, ELIZABETH, 1110 W. San Antonio St., San Marcos, Texas.
 DODSON, EVA, Orlinda, Tenn.
 DONNELLY, JANICE, Mountain City, Tenn.
 DORSEY, ELIZABETH, Jacksonville, Florida.
 DOUGLAS, MAEBELLE, 730 Jackson St., Jacksonville, Texas.
- EDWARDS, CHARLINE, Rahway, N. J.
 ENGLISH, LILLIAN, 1063 Euclid Blvd., St. Petersburg, Fla.
 EXLINE, LOUISE, 2313 Gillon Ave., Dallas, Texas.
- FARWELL, CONSTANCE, Orange, Texas.
 FATZINGER, ESSEMAI, 223 Goepp St., Bethlehem, Pa.
 FLESHMAN, GERALDINE, 303 Cascade Ave., Winston-Salem, N. C.
 FLYNT, DEWENE, Mineola, Texas.
 FOSTER, ELVA, Ridgeley, Tenn.

FOULKES, EDITH, La Pas, Bolivia, South America.
 FOULKES, BILLIE, La Pas, Bolivia, South America.
 FOX, LOUISE, Sunflower, Miss.

GARNER, ESTELLE, 1612 Van Buren St., Amarillo, Texas.
 GARREN, RUTH, 504 E. Houston St., Monroe, N. C.
 GARROW, ANNE, 415 Alabama St., Houston, Texas.
 GILMAN, FLORENCE, 10926 Drexel Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
 GODLEY, JOSEPHINE, 2318 Bull St., Savannah, Georgia.
 GODLEY, WILLIE, 2108 Bull St., Savannah, Ga.
 GRAHAM, MARIE, Wilmington, N. C.
 GREENHAW, VEZIE MAE, Marianna, Ark.
 GREEN, LOUISE, Lebanon, Tenn.
 GREEN, RUTH, Taylors, S. C.
 GRIZZARD, DOROTHY, Nashville, Tenn.
 GRAS, PAULINE, 1102 Sheridan Ave. Shreveport, La.

HAGENER, LUCILLE, 2248 Robinhood Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
 HAIGLER, MARGARET, Haynesville, Ala.
 HAINLINE, GENEVE, San Francisco, Cal.
 HALL, ISABEL, Statesboro, Ga.
 HALTOM, ESTHER, 1204 Mistletoe Ave., Fort Worth, Texas.
 HAMILL, ETHEL, Bay City, Texas.
 HARGRAVES, GRIZELDA, 5252 Columbia St., Helena, Ark.
 HARKINS, HERMIE, Crowley, La.
 HARRISON, AMELIA, 424 Poplar St., Florence, Ala.
 HALEY, REBIE, Lavonia, Ga.
 HARSHBARGER, THELMA, Milton, W. Va.
 HARTLEY, LAURA, 3446 Perrysville Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.
 HATCHER, MITTIE, Sunbeam, La.
 HENDRIX, OPAL, Flemingsburg, Ky.
 HENRY, HELEN, Lancaster, Texas.
 HICKS, ELIZABETH, Clinton, Tenn.
 HIRSCH, THELMA, Alexandria, La.
 HIRSCHFELD, LORE, 411 Evergreen, San Antonio, Texas.
 HOLT, BERNICE, 202 Magville, Longview, Texas.
 HOLT, CATHERINE, 202 Magville, Longview, Texas.
 HORNER, ANTOINETTE, Cape Charles, Va.
 HOSHALL, ELIZABETH, 601 N. Rosser, Forrest City, Ark.
 HOYT, MARY, 1808 Riverside Ave., Jacksonville, Fla.

HUGHES, FRANCES, Arkadelphia, Ark.
 HUNTER, MARGARET, 441 Second St., Beaver, Pa.

JACOWAY, CATHERINE, Ft. Payne, Ala.
 JASPER, MARY CATHERINE, 335 High St., Richmond, Ky.
 JERNIGAN, ANN, 148 Brundidge Ave., Troy, Ala.
 JOHNSON, ELIZABETH, 822 Furman Ave., Corpus Christi, Texas.
 JONES, VIRGINIA, Balzoni, Miss.
 JONES, MARY, Balzoni, Miss.
 JONES, DOROTHY, 811 Greenwood Ave., Fort Smith, Ark.
 JONES, JESSIE, Jacksonville, Texas.
 JORDAN, DELLE, Crockett, Texas.
 JORDAN, SHIRLEY, Crockett, Texas.
 JONES, MARY, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

KAIL, WILMA, 232 E. Crawford Ave., Connelville, Pa.
 KAHLE, DOROTHY, Lima, Ohio. *1203 W Market St.*
 KEELER, JEWEL, Perthshire, Miss.
 KEELER, RUBY, Perthshire, Miss.
 KETRON, MILDRED, Kingsport, Tenn.
 KING, ANNIE, Pauls Valley, Okla.
 KIRBACH, MILDRED, 664 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.
 KROUSE, REGINA, 1326 Whitley Park, Texarkana, Ark.
 KROUSE, LUCILE, 1326 Whitley Park, Texarkana, Ark.
 KIRTLEY, MARIAN, 6142 Rhodes, Chicago, Ill.
 KULLER, MAY BELL, 1709 E. Rio Grande, El Paso, Texas.

LAKE, MILDRED, Springfield, Ky.
 LAMAR, INA, Augusta, Georgia.
 LAMAR, VALERIA, Macon, Ga.
 LANDERS, BESSIE, Huntsville, Ala.
 LANDRUM, FONNIE, Dyer, Tenn.
 LANE, DAISY, Jennings, Fla.
 LAZENBY, GEORGIA, Waco, Texas.
 LEAR, MARILEE, Lancaster, Ky.
 LEPPICH, ESTHER, 700 Adams St., Vicksburg, Miss.
 LEVITAN, ESTA, 514 Crawford St., Portsmouth, Va.
 LISCOM, IRMA, 614 E St., N. W. Washington, D. C.
 LISTER, LUCILE, 103 Statford St., Houston, Texas.
 LOWE, CHARLIE, Tunica, Miss.
 LUNA, CATHERINE, 4219 Ross St., Dallas, Texas.

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MACK, MARY, Thomasville, Ga.
 MALONEY, JANICE, Key West, Fla.
 MARTIN, EMMA, Drift, Ky.
 MANNING, GRACE, 3900 Miramar, Dallas, Texas.
 MASTERMAN, WADE, 1205 S. First St., Stillwater, Minn.
 MAYFIELD, ETHEL, 305 S. Center, Longview, Texas.
 MILLER, ELIZABETH, Lawton, Okla.
 MERRITT, MARGARET, Clarendon, Ark.
 MILLER, IRMA, 102 Miss. Ave., Joliet, Ill.
 MILMINE, DOROTHY, 11079 S. Irving, Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 MIXON, JANIE, Dothan, Ala.
 MANKIN, GERTRUDE, Murfreesboro, Tenn.
 MATHIS, DOROTHY, Prophetstown, Ill.
 MILLIKEN, DOROTHY, 3605 Beverly Drive, Dallas, Texas.
 MOORE, JUANITA, Moultrie, Ga.
 MOYER, MILDRED, 1954 B. St., Lincoln, Nebraska.
 MORRIS, HELEN, 1935 Frankfort Ave., Louisville, Ky.
 MORRISON, RUTHYN, 1305 Jefferson St., Waco, Texas.
 MORROW, MARGARET, 508 Fifth Ave., Springfield, Tenn.
 MUMMERT, HELEN, 109 West Summit, Alliance, Ohio.
 MUNROE, ELIZABETH, Quincy, Fla.
 MUNSON, MARY, Cheneyville.
 MURPHY, MARY, 313 N. Alice St., Dothan, Ala.
 MURRAY, MARIE, Parkersburg, W. Va.
 MCCLAIN, PORTA, 230 W. Main St., Lebanon, Tenn.
 MCCREARY, RUTH, Delaware, Ohio.
 MCLEAN, CATHERINE, 207 8th St., Orange, Texas.
 MCMILLAN, MAYME, 1400 Summit St., Little Rock, Ark.
 NEIMEYER, ALICE, 1025 Barber Ave., Little Rock, Ark.
 NELSON, PHOEBE, 1427 Farragut Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 NEWELL, CECELIA, Richmond, Texas.
 NORDLINGER, HELEN, 906 W. 14th St., Little Rock, Ark.
 NANTS, MARY LEE, Gleason, Texas.
 NACHMAN, EDITH, 88-32rd St., Newport News, Va.
 OWEN, MARGARET, 626 W. Main St., Waxahachie, Texas.
 OLMSTEAD, OLIVE, Jacksonville, Fla.
 OLSHANSKA, STEPHA, 340 E. 17th St., New York, N. Y.

PALMER, WILLENE, Marvell, Ark.
 PAGE, LOUISE, 1115 Porter St., Helena, Ark.
 PAGE, WILMER, Bastrop, Texas.
 PARKER, ESTELLE, Millen, Ga.
 PARKINSON, LUCILE, Lawton, Okla.
 PATTERSON, RUTH, Falkville, Ala.
 PATTERSON, SARA, Falkville, Ala.
 PEELER, ANNIE KATHERINE, Camden, Tenn.
 PEPPER, CHRISTINE, Hughton, Sask., Canada.
 PEYTON, ANNA LAURA, 1922 Sheridan Ave., Shreveport, La.
 PITTMAN, LOUISE, 3029 College Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
 PORTER, CELESTE, Sylacauga, Ala.
 POST, HELEN, 139 Helen Ave., Mansfield, Ohio.
 POWELL, FRANCES, 707 Poplar St., Helena, Ark.
 PUCKETT, MILDRED, 1812 S. Adams St., Fort Worth, Texas.
 PULLEY, GRACE, Huntsville, Ala.
 PURIFOY, ELIZABETH, Brewton, Ala.
 PURVIS, ELEANOR, Fullerton, Neb.
 PURKEY, LOUISE, 310 N. 9th St., Cambridge, Ohio.
 PRITCHETT, ESTHER, Jonesboro, Tenn.
 RAMSEY, MARY LOUISE, United, Pa.
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 RESEN, LAURA, 614 Bainbridge St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
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 ROBERTS, MARY CATHERINE, 1523 Broadway, Enid, Okla.
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 ROGERS, GRACE, San Marcos, Texas.
 ROWLAND, JOSEPHINE, 325 Main St., Stamps, Ark.
 SAMUELS, ISABELLE, 51 Rossonian Apts., Houston, Texas.
 SAMUELS, REBA, Houston, Texas.
 SCHRYVER, HELEN, 3032 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
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 SEBRING, ELIZABETH, Sebring, Ohio.
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 SHARPE, EVELYN, 1105 W. 24th St., Little Rock, Ark.

SHARRER, RUTH, Marysville, Ohio.
 SHEDDAN, NINA, Osceola, Ark.
 SHOFNER, MILDRED, Port Lavaca, Texas.
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 SIMMONS, TEAGUE, Mountville, S. C.
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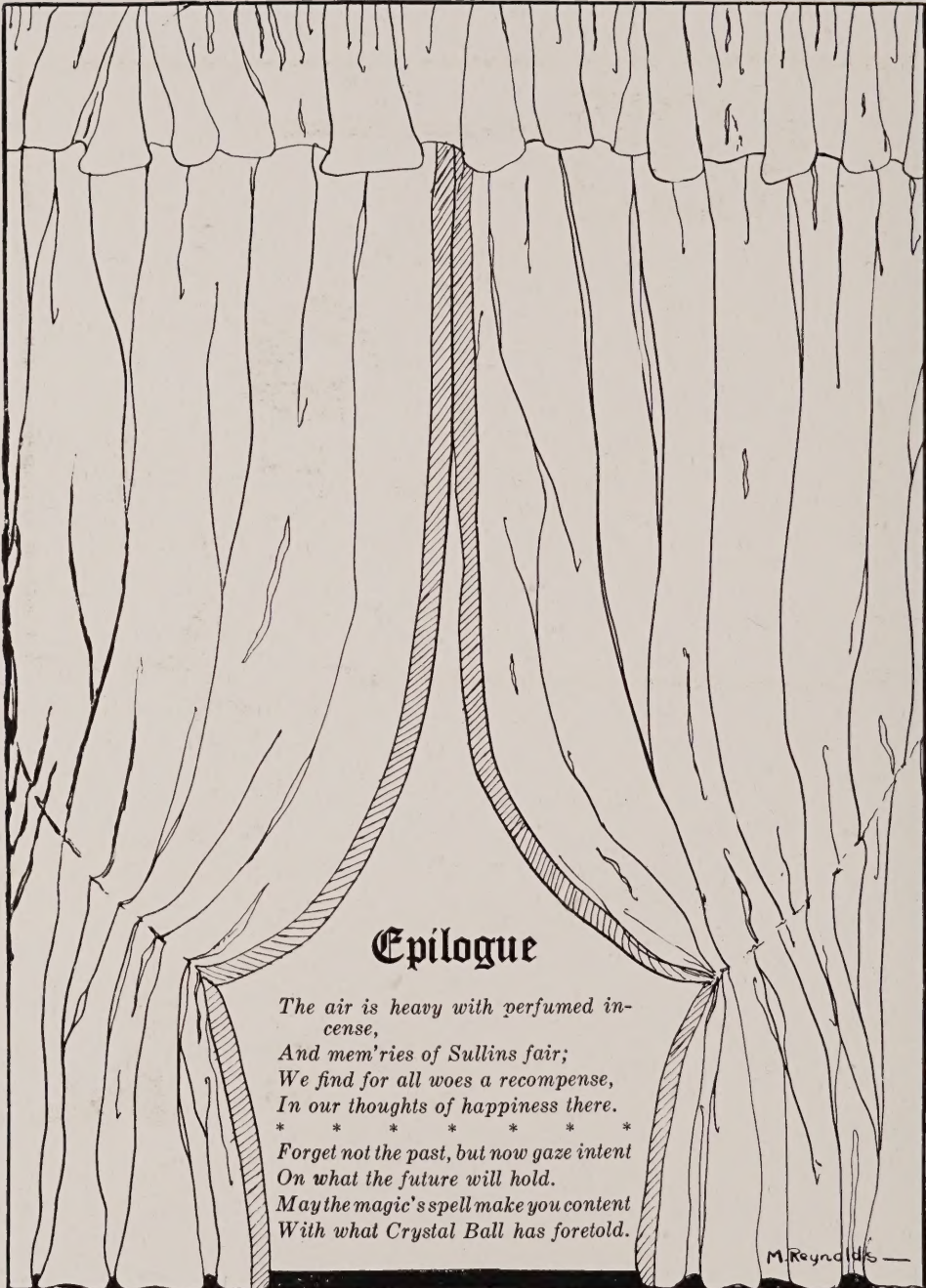
WYATT, KATHERINE, Roswell, N. M.

YANCEY, FRANCES, Marianna, Ark.

YOW, GRACE, Martin, Ga.

YOUNG, FRANCES, 4411 Jennis St., Dallas,
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ZIMMERMAN, EDNA, 353 Macken St.,
 Toledo, Ohio.



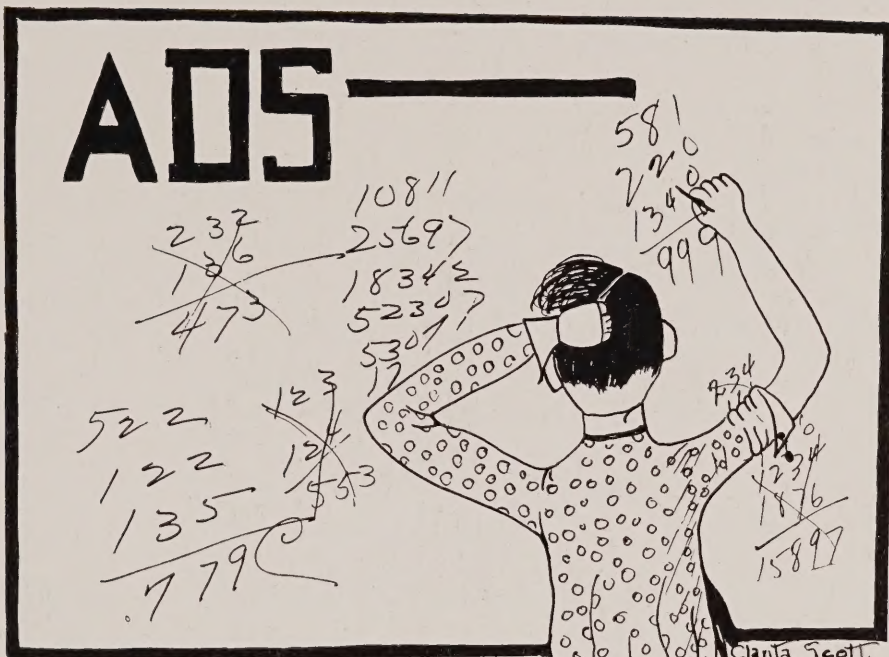
Epilogue

*The air is heavy with perfumed incense,
And mem'ries of Sullins fair;
We find for all woes a recompense,
In our thoughts of happiness there.*

* * * * *
*Forget not the past, but now gaze intent
On what the future will hold.
May the magic's spell make you content
With what Crystal Ball has foretold.*

M. Reynolds —

ADS



Clanta Scott

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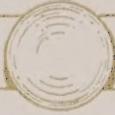
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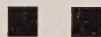
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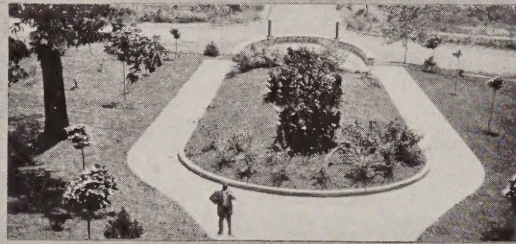
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Best wishes
and lots of love
to Mary Kat. Mildred Shuman
of Sweet as you

Well, I have
girls - not
known
never one as
got babies.

Can't wait to
see you next
year dear ol'
Mary Kat.
Ethel

Always remember I love you
and wish you a life of
happiness - As always,
Laura & White

THE 1921 CRYSTAL BALL

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my cousin
Lucille

just let love to guide
and forgive
all

Work like Helen B. Happy!

Jenny

Mary Catherine
Don't forget our short
but sweet Math days at
Sullivan Helen Schuyler

Mary Kate
 Don't forget our
 but sweet Math Days
 Sullins Helen Schuyler.
 Mary Kate always remembered
 may you see you
 me looking forward
 more of our
 Remember
 Please don't
 forget to come
 back next year. I
 will be
 your
 friend
 Mary Kate

Honey, I love you
and please, don't forget
me, as one of the A.M.
just love
Believe

Don't forget me 'cause
I don't like to be 'forgot'.
Ruth Green

Have you anything to eat?
Because of that & thread,
scissors, etc. & best of
all, friendship I'll miss you
terribly.

Document

THE KING
LE ROY
PRESS
PRINTING CO
BRISTOL TENN



MK - I love you leaves and looks -
and "do don't" - forgot letter Bill
William G

PRESS

PRINTING CO

Bristol 72NN

Good old Sullivan says
Hello.

Always remember
"Dale of Vienna"
Laura White

THE 1921 CRYSTAL BALL

old girl,
I like you
"Dale"
John H. H.

may had fortune fall on your
all the days of your life
but never overtake you.
Bill Sumner

Mary Kat.

I'll always love you
please don't entirely forget
"Pockets"
Maybe I'll be seeing you here
next year - Don't you dare forget
Marybell

Don't forget to
look up Jesus when you
hang at Enig. Remember
like you lots
T. Cunningham
Ridgell
15420 3rd St. Dallas, Tex.

Always remember
you "Mary Kat"
Love & Love
"Peg"

Chris to the grand of Chen
where first hands came all.
Chris hoping I'll be with you
when the flames begin to fall
Lucile & Thornton

Don't forget
on trip to Arizona
Love Don Kalle
certainly enjoyed
knowing you. Don't
ever forget Irma Dale
Jescom.

No me divides
class clear
Mary Kat - I swear I don't see
how to the curved you put up
with me for six months. I know I
have been a rather room-mate but my
heart has been in the right place. You
sully with I could come back to room
with you next year. Remember that
I'll love you all the rest of my
days. Please don't forget
yourself
Kitty

Always fond all.
Well,
Kat, please don't
forget me. (English Kate)
Mary Burwell

Katherine
 money
 hope you will
 ever have any
 more "trips" with
 the meat.
 you're mighty sweet

all I ask you is not
 to forget me
 "Cathy"

PH 1921 CRYSTAL BALL
 I'll be back in a few days
 you can see your sister
 when we're here
 they're all
 sweet as a candy
 (was late to school)

Dearest
 I have much to
 remember of you
 I am so proud of you
 que si tu quieres algo de mis
 manos, pero ellas son muy tristes
 y alegrías no te podra dar pero te
 recomendaré cuando me veas en
 donde esta. Ljor. de este mundo
 Carmen

Will you ever forget
 that Trig class? I won't.
 Loads of love,
 Charline

Tip
 goes to Mary Cat.
 the sweetest girl
 I have ever met.
 Cornelia Bagley
 Little Rock.
 Always remember
 Celeste.

Is there any need
 to say more than -
 I love you -
 I love you -
 I love you -

Don't forget me
 Love
 of Love

His eyes are burning
 you and all ways think
 of just

his factory

Don't you ever forget
 Steele Parker.

Isle of View
 Member our Bible class
 and me. Irma

Loads of
 love to you and
 don't forget
 Sweet Mary Cat.
 you won't forget me
 like hope
 and ever
 love
 Jam Bagley
 Newport

